



地獄

・西岡兄妹・自選作品集・



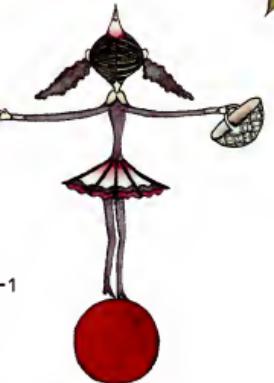
9784883790685

1920979015005

ISBN4-88379-068-1

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定価 [本体 1500円+税]







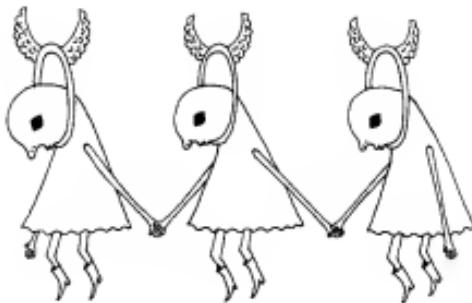
hell.

地獄
●西岡兄妹自選作品集●



地獄

● 西岡兄妹・自選作品集 ●





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Jigoku
Nishioka Kyodai

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TRANSLATION - MEGCHAN
RAWs - ELEMHUNTER
CLEANING / RESIZING - LAIKA
TYPESETTING - MIGERU

Thanks for reading!

Somewhere Not Like That

Nishioka Kyodai

I'll go
some-
where
not
like
that.



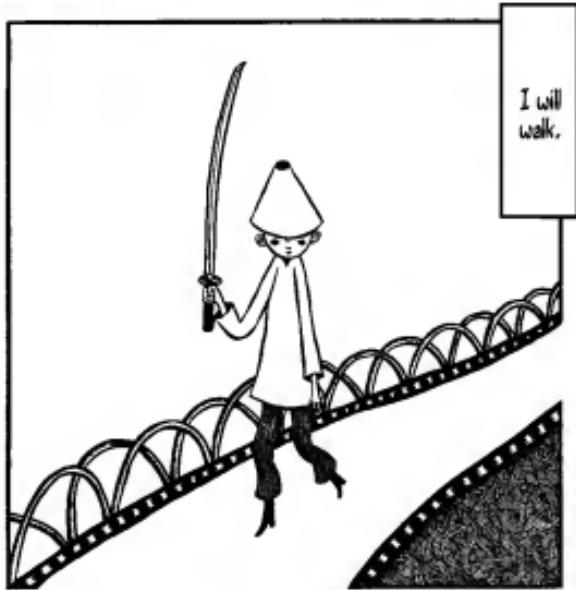
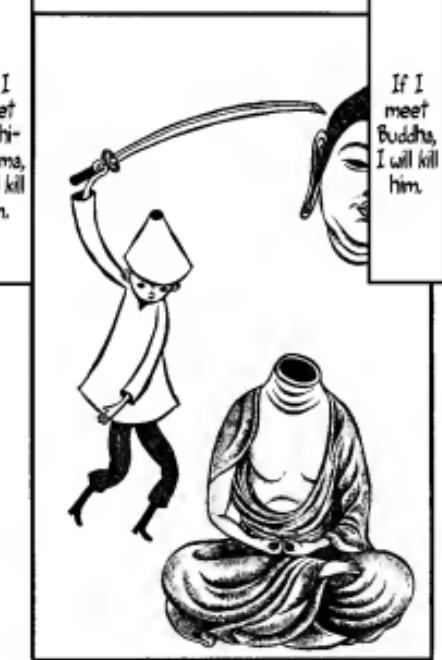
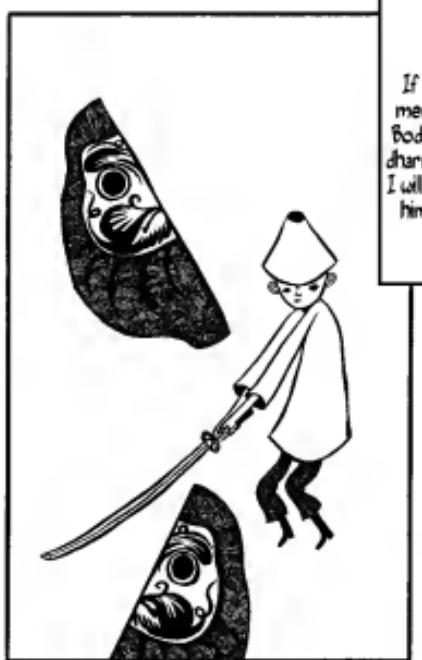
I'll go
some-
where
not
not
like
that.

I'll go
some-
where
not
not
here.

I'll go
some-
where
not
here.

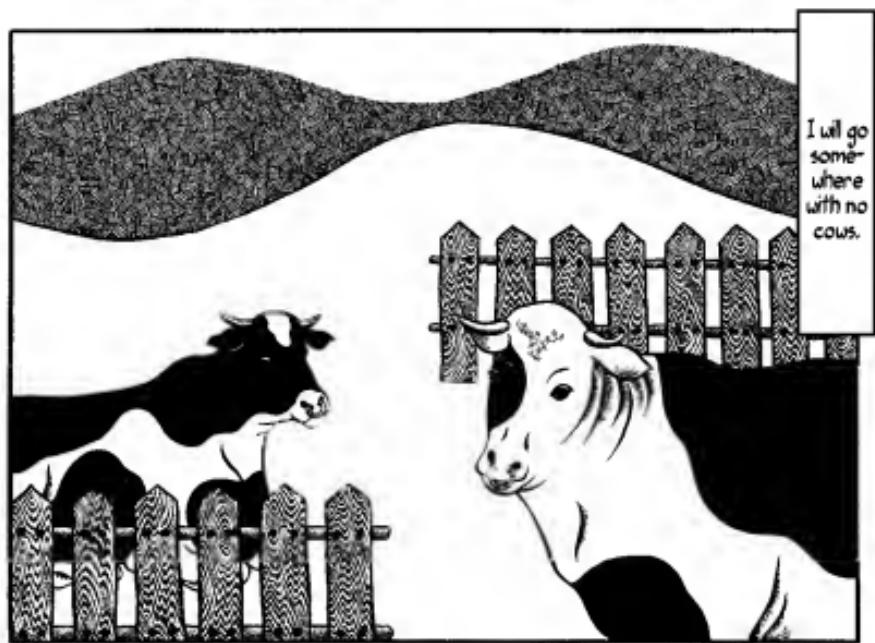
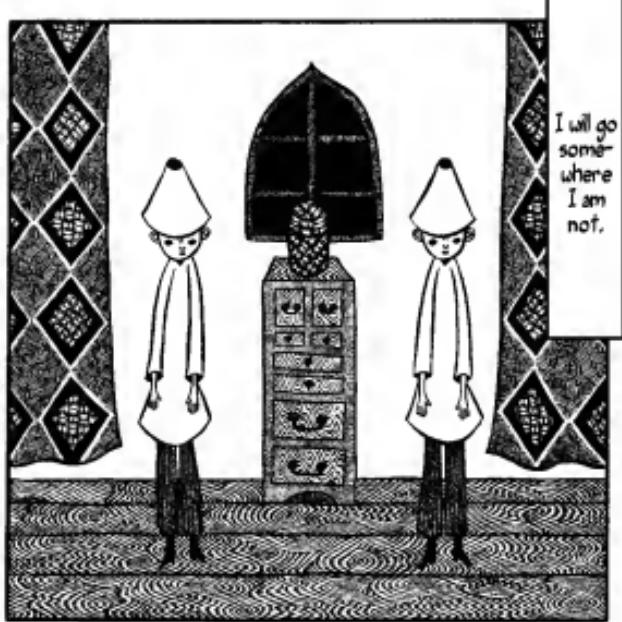
I'll
take a
Japan-
ese
sword.











I will
cast
away
truth.

I will
cast
away
delusion.

I will
find a
silence
that
makes
me
pluck
out
my
heart.



THE END

Angel

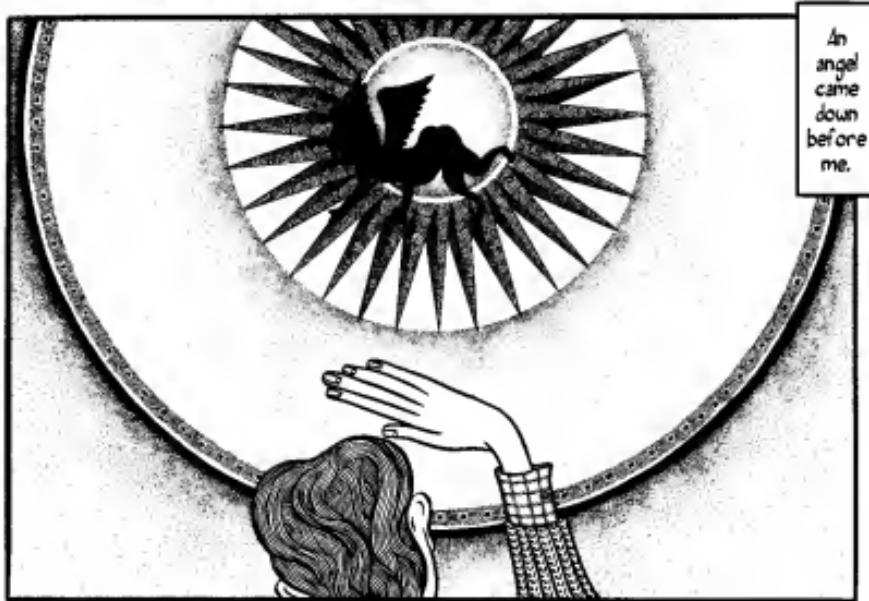


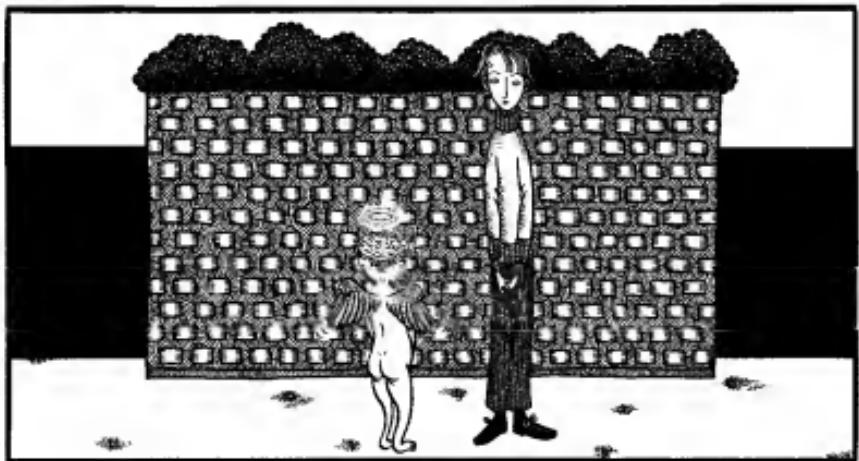
Nishioka
kyodai

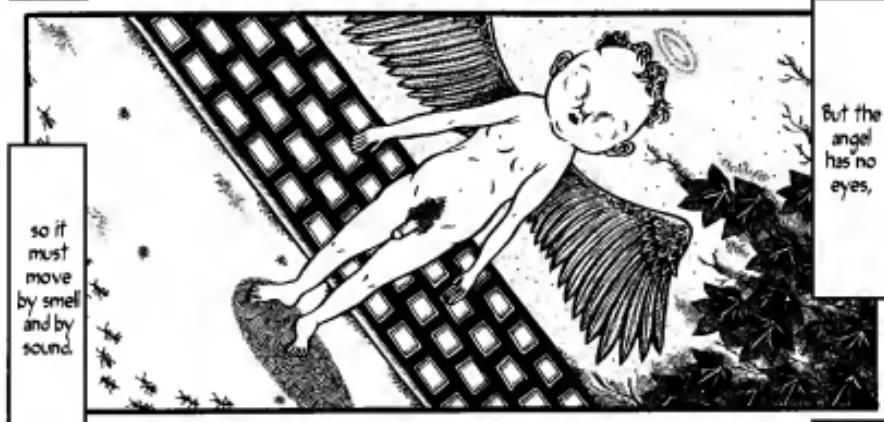
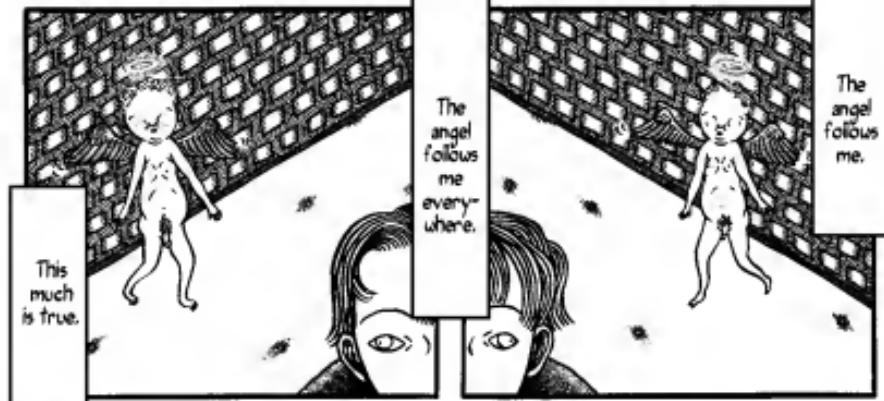
An
angel
came
down
to
earth.

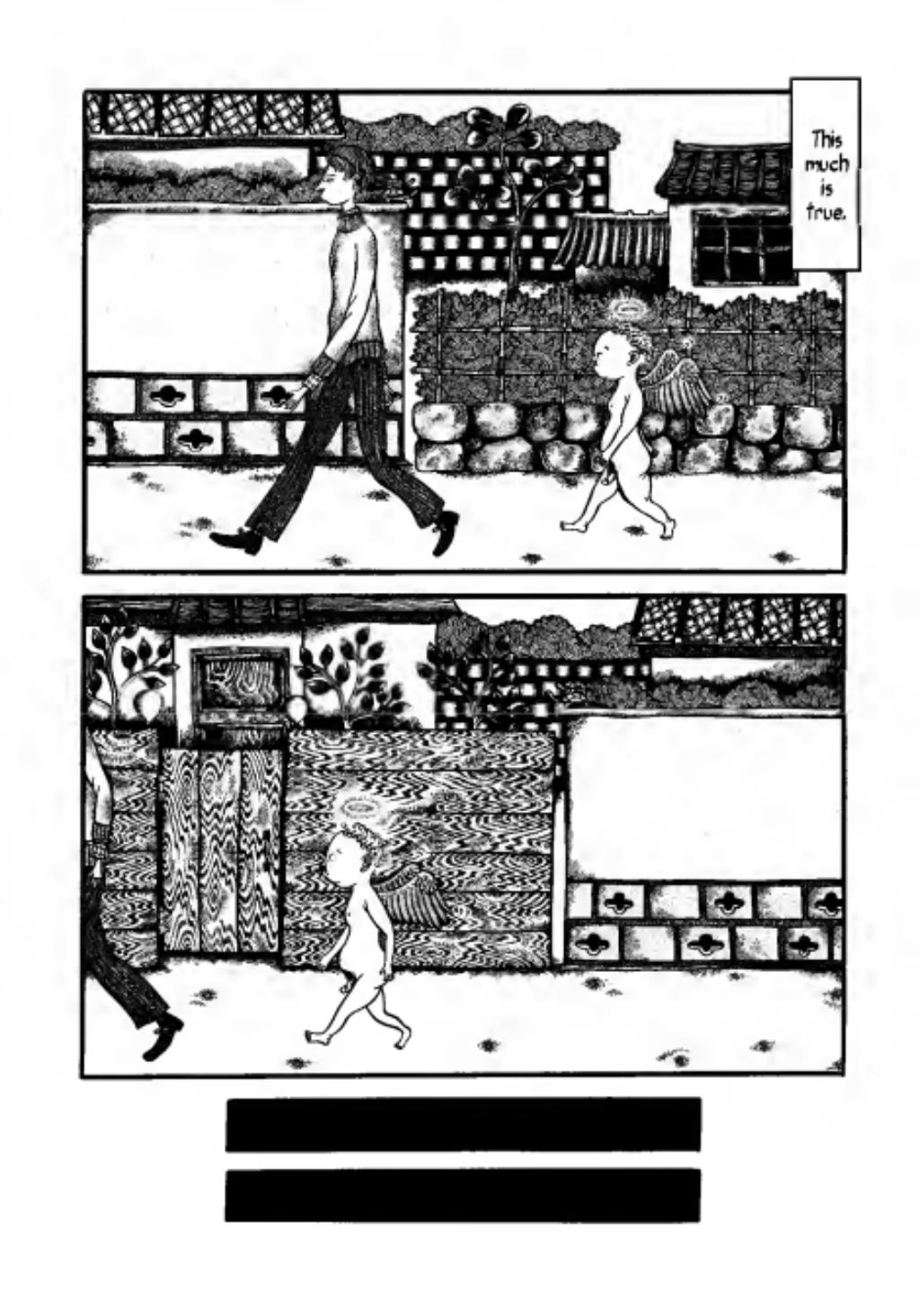


An
angel
came
down
before
me.



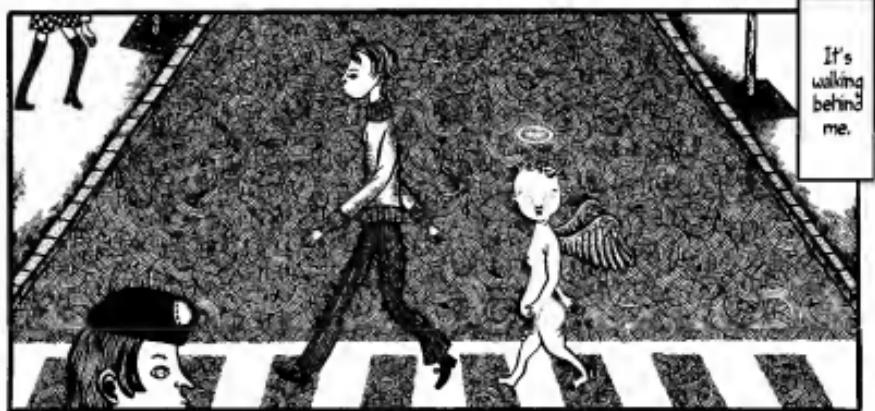






This much
is true.





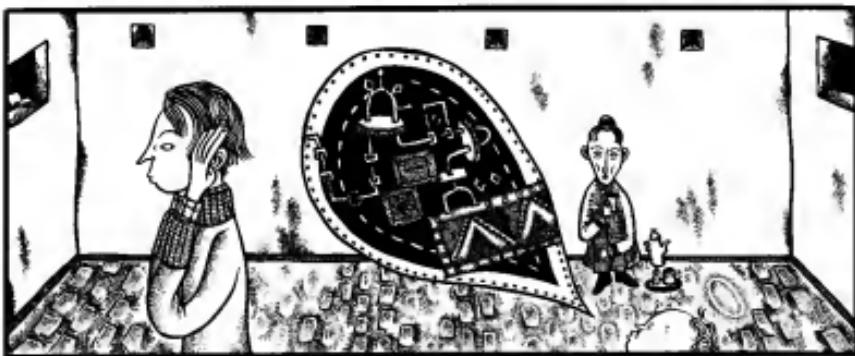


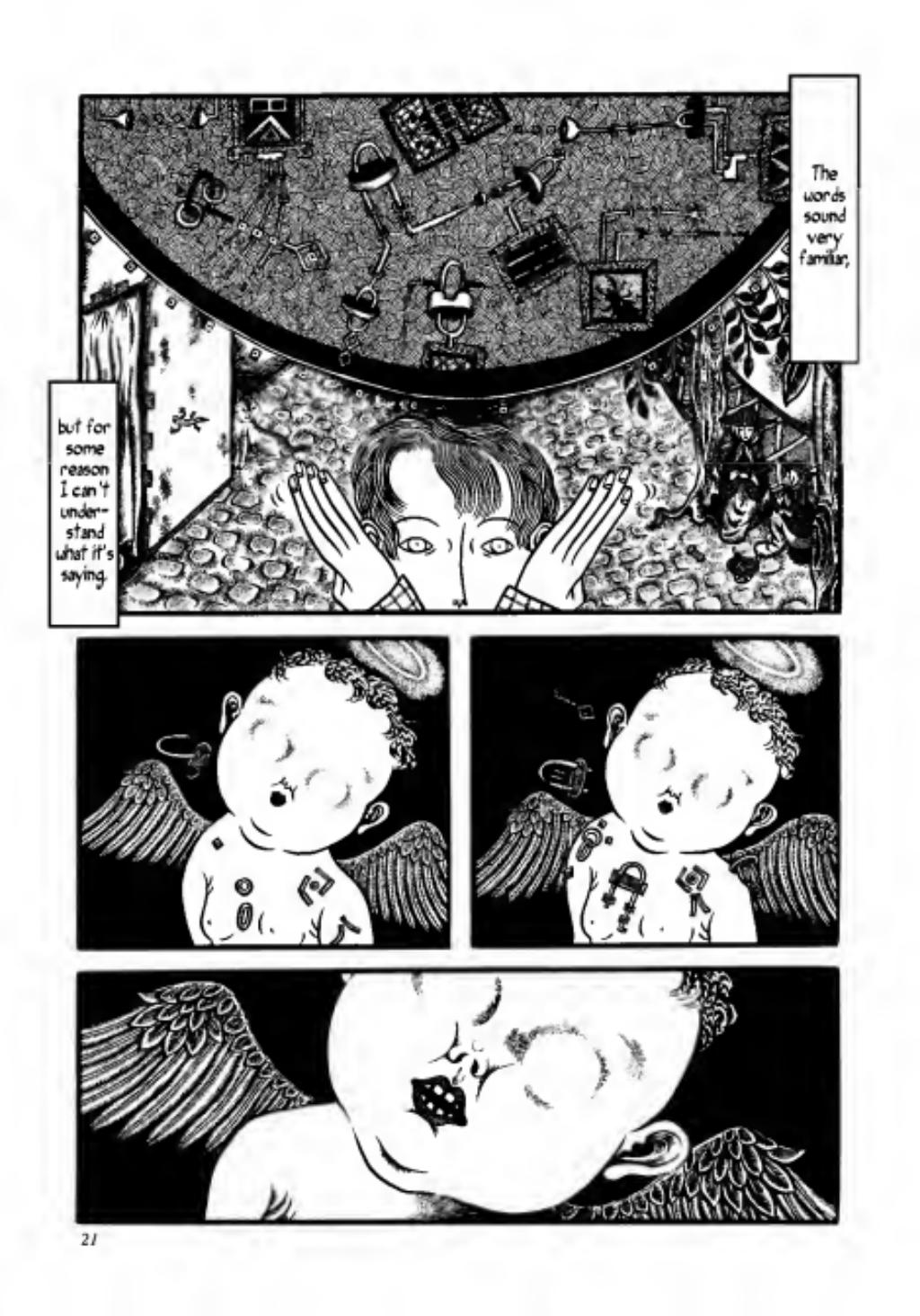


If I
listen
closely,



The
angel is
walking
behind
me and
talking
to
itself.

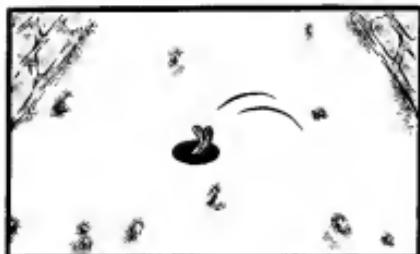


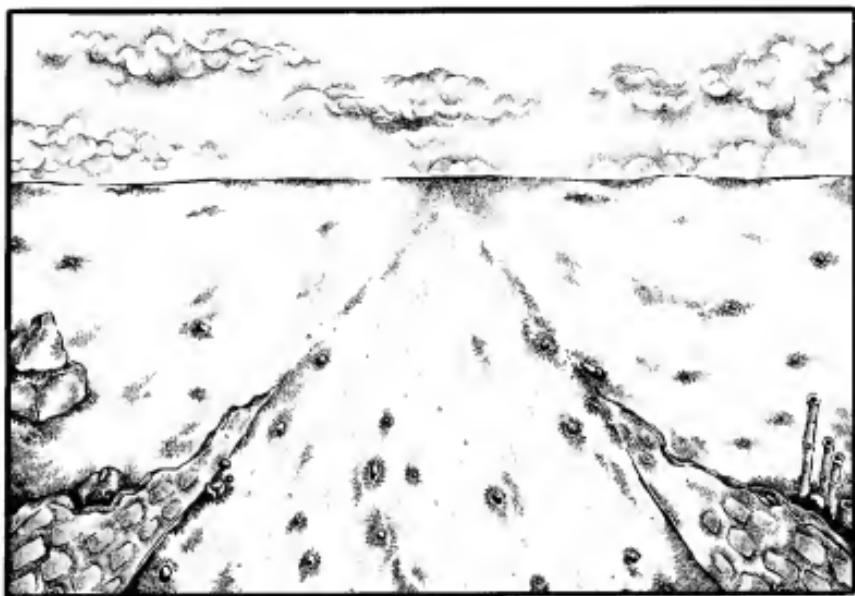


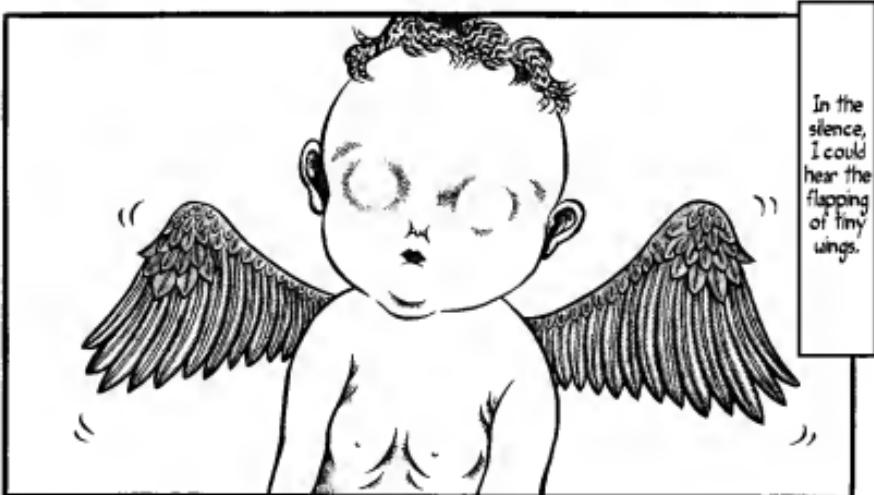
The words
sound
very
familiar,

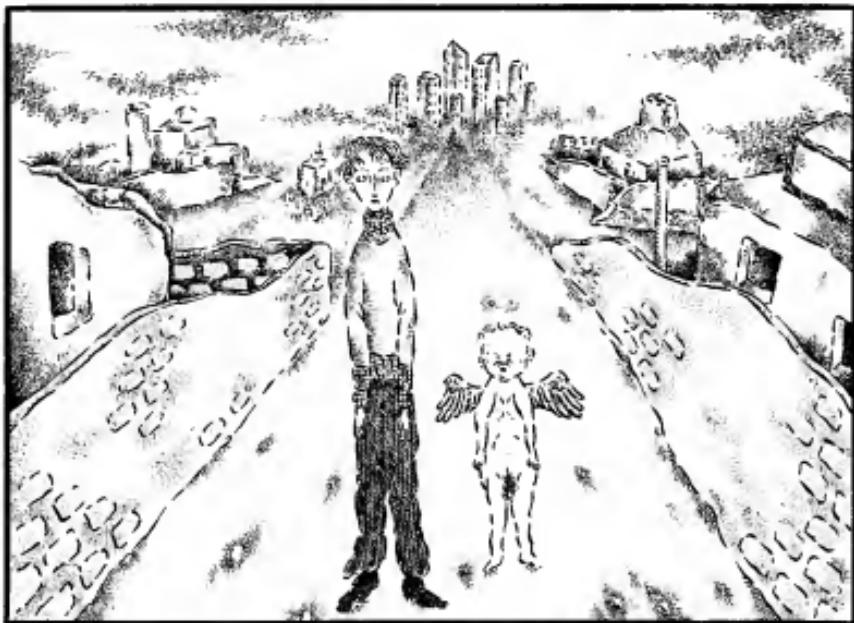
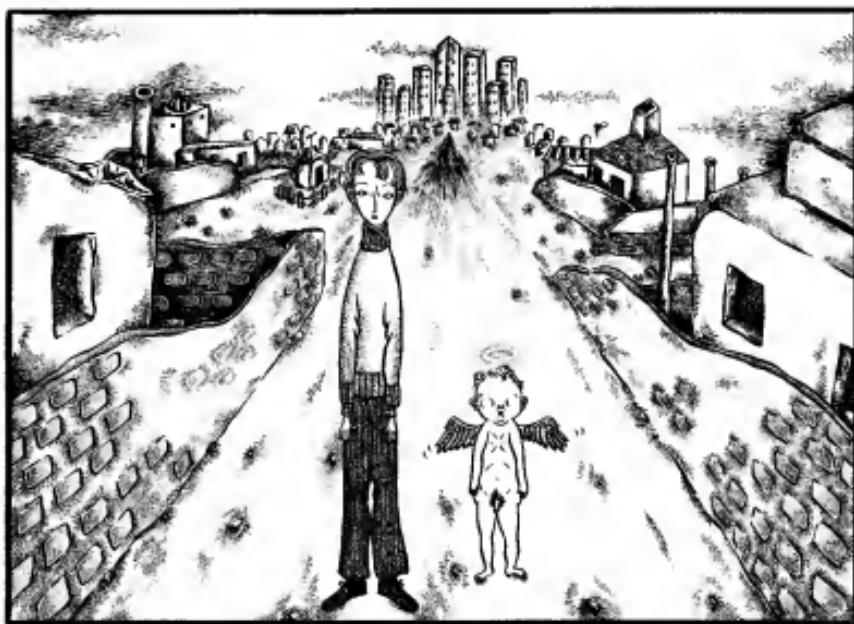
but for
some
reason
I can't
under-
stand
what it's
saying.













Suddenly I was overcome with the feeling that the angel would unfurl its immense wings

and swallow me within them.

THE END

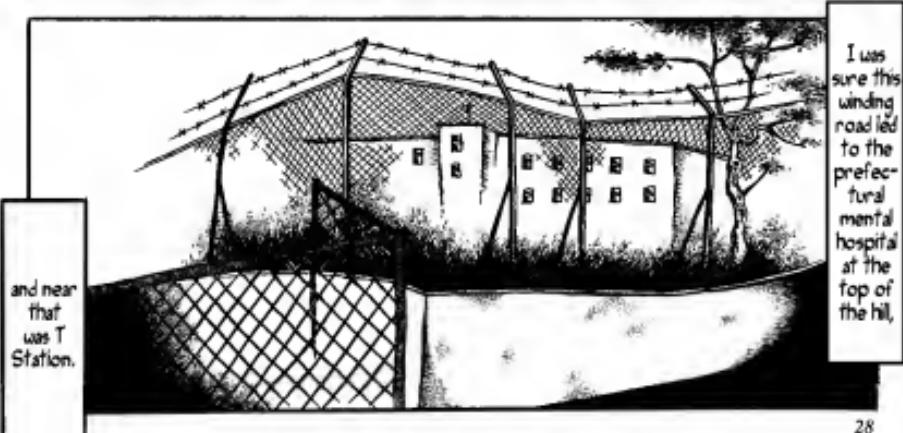
I. Ran
Like a
Tiger

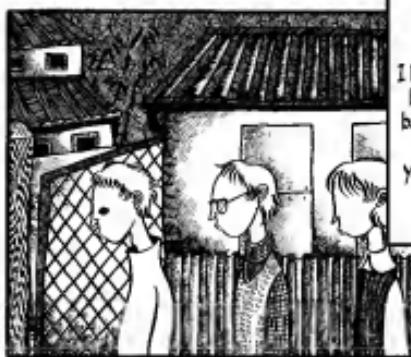


Nishioka Kyodai



I seem
to have
mis-
remem-
bered
some-
thing.





I hadn't been back in 10 years.



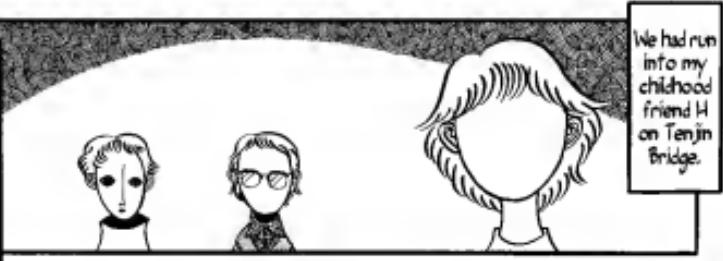
We were heading for my parents' house.

I liked him quite well and would even call him a friend, but for some reason he was accompanying me on this visit home.



This man is Y, a colleague of mine, who was apparently staying with my parents.

She had been a very smart child, and I hadn't liked her very much, but apparently we had decided to walk together since we were heading the same direction.

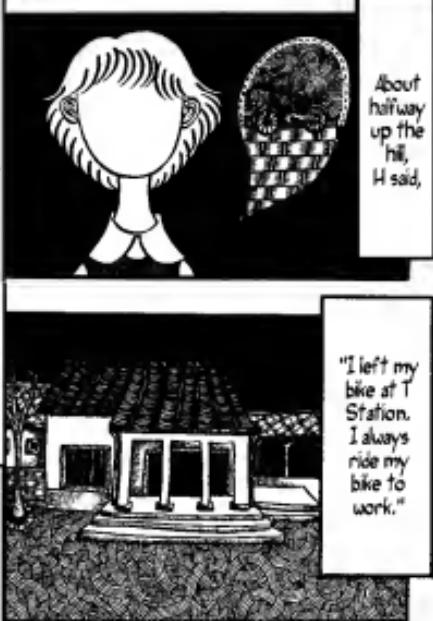


We had run into my childhood friend H on Tenjin Bridge.





"Isn't T Station at the top of the hill?"



"About halfway up the hill, I said,



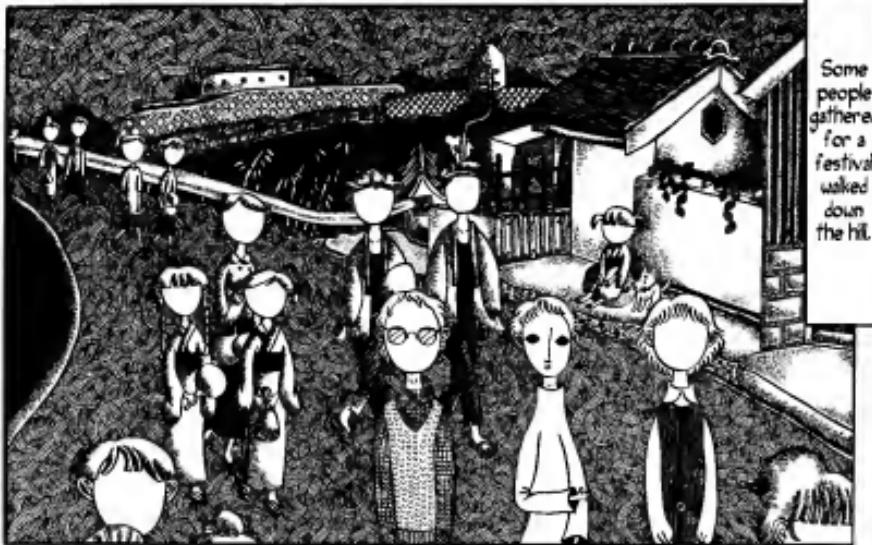
"You're right. It's on the other side of the bridge at the bottom of the hill."

"No, it's across the bridge at the bottom of this hill."

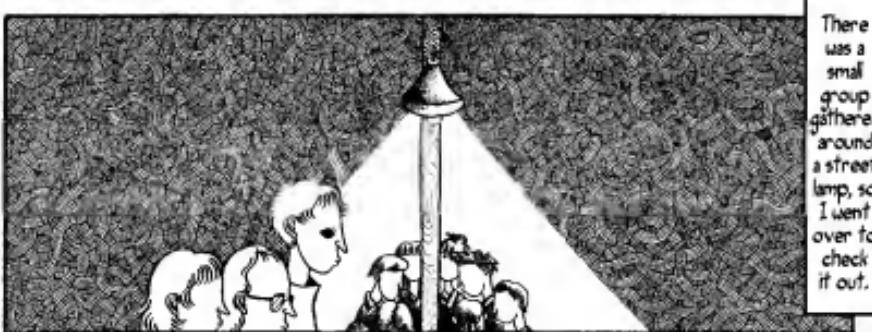


After all, I hadn't been home in 10 years, so I wasn't sure about anything anymore.

I readily admitted my mistake.



Some people gathered for a festival walked down the hill.



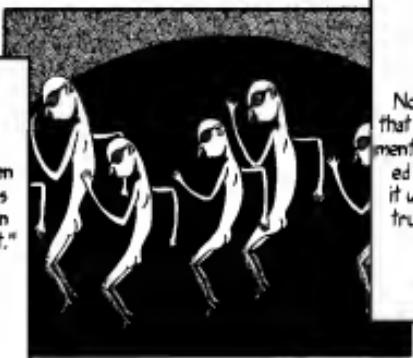
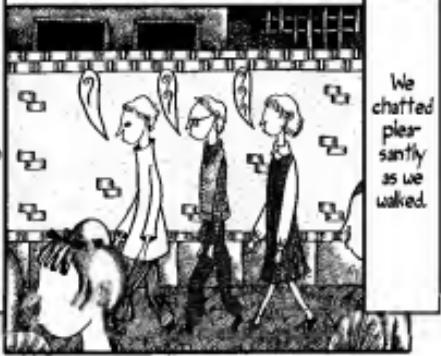
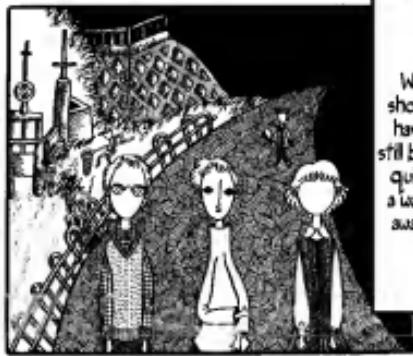
There was a small group gathered around a street lamp, so I went over to check it out.



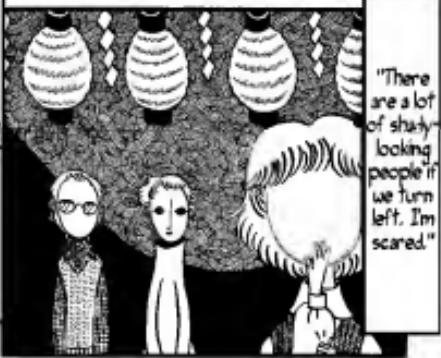
"With such long arms."

"Long-armed crabs."

"Crabs."



Now that she mentioned it, it was true.

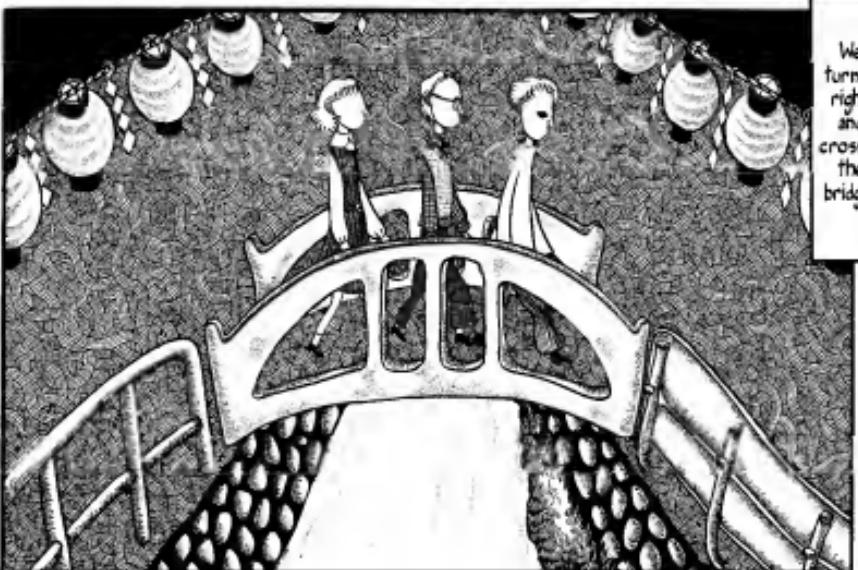


"What about the station?"

I know a shortcut, so don't worry. Let's just turn right.

The station is on the right. The station is across the bridge, so if we turn right, we'll be fine.

We turned right and crossed the bridge.



"See,
there's
the
elemen-
tary
school
at the
top of
this hill."

"Oh!"

I felt
a small
burst of
triumph.

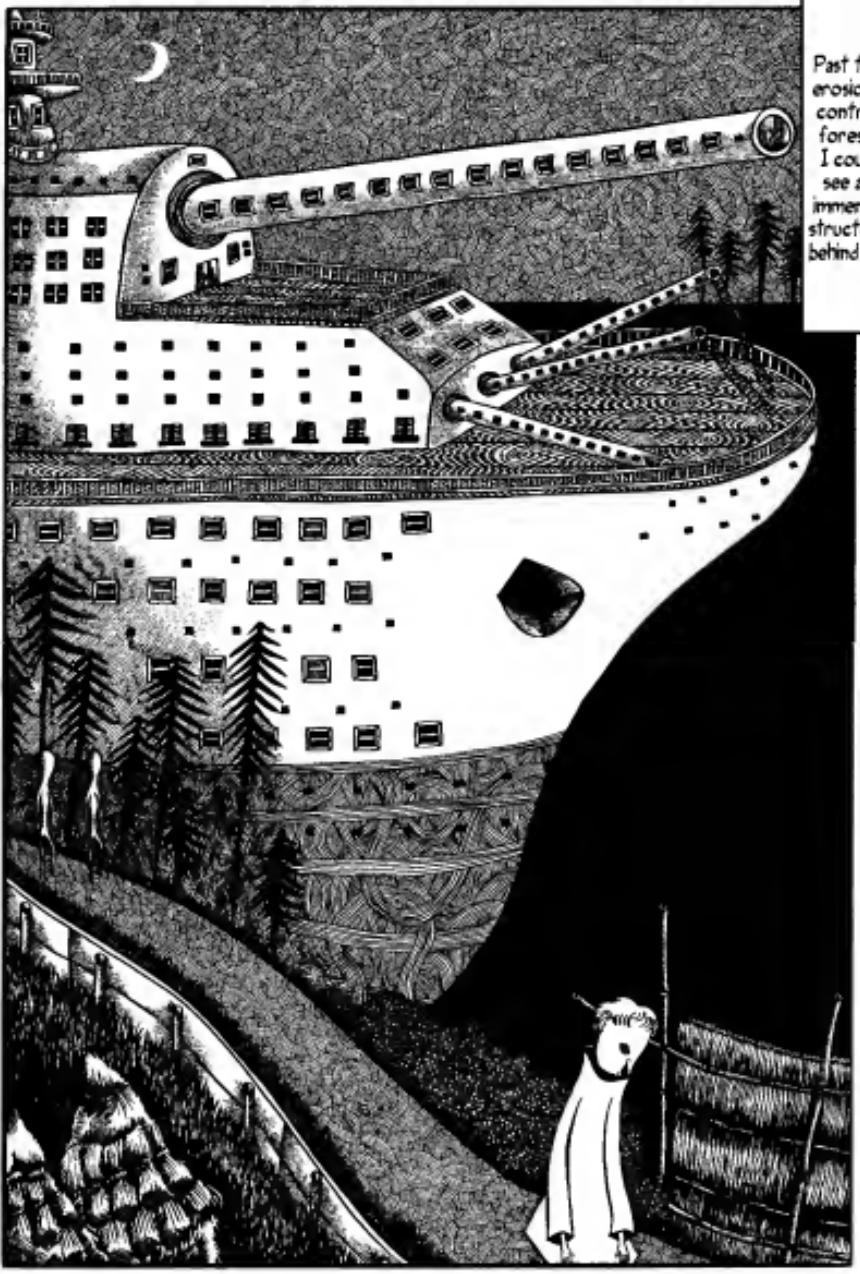
With
things
going so
well, I
started
walking
faster.

"Here's
the
short-
cut."

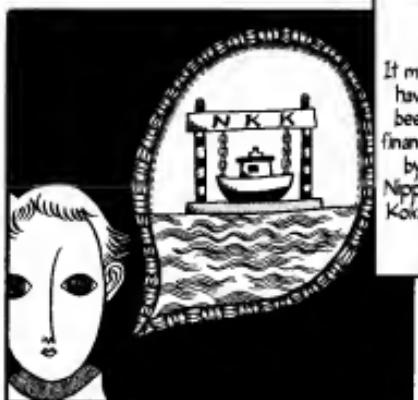


Everything's
going well.
Though
the
two of
them
are
falling
behind.





Past the erosion-control forest, I could see an immense structure behind us.

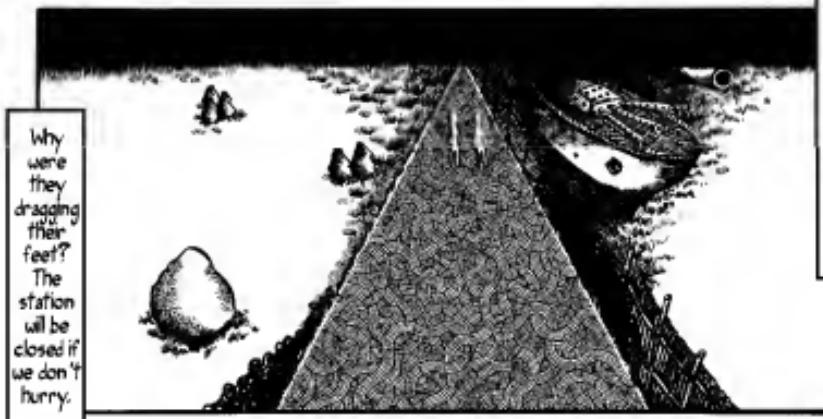


It must have been financed by Nippon Kokan.



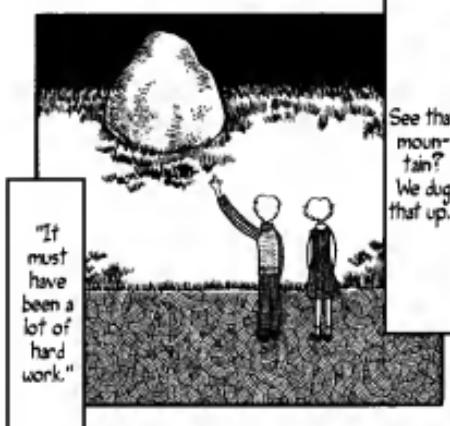
When on earth did this get built? It sure is ugly, though.

NOTE - NIPPON KOKAN (NKK) WAS A LARGE STEEL COMPANY.



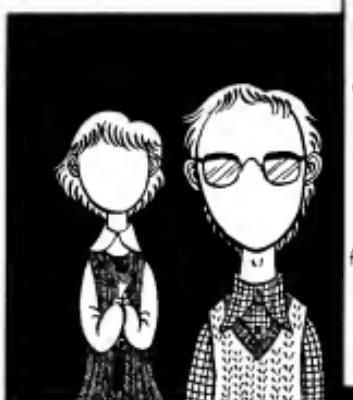
Why were they dragging their feet? The station will be closed if we don't hurry.

I looked back and saw the two of them chatting pleasantly.



"It must have been a lot of hard work."

See that mountain? We dug that up!



"I worked here as a child. I helped dig the earth used to make the foundation for this building."

"Back then the only thing we were concerned with was building the foundation.

I never imagined something like this would be built on top of it."

Y was a good fellow and had been through a lot.

This was where they first met.

I saw it wasn't H, but Y's wife.

Looking closely,

but what on earth was wrong with me? I'd been making so many mistakes.

She was always so kind to me. I'd been meaning to pay her a visit to thank her;



I ran.
If we
didn't
hurry,
the
station
would
close.





I ran.



Oh,
good. A
cushion.



But
looking
closer,
it
seemed
not to
be a
cushion
after
all.



Holding
some-
thing
soft
as I
run
calms
me
down.



It was
a trash
bag!

It didn't feel heavy enough to be a dead body or kitchen waste, but I still didn't want to be clutching a trash bag as I ran.



The outer bag was beautiful, but there was definitely something inside it, wrapped in a trash bag.







The
crunch
crunch
feeling
of
running
along
the top
of the
hedge
was re-
assuring.



is this
feel-
ing?

What



I was
running
like a
tiger
after
its
prey!

That's
it, a
tiger.



And
there
it is!



It
squeak-
ed patheti-
cally in
my
arms.





Stupid
thing.
It doesn't
know its
little
friend
had just
become
my
victim.



It
mewed
loudly
in my
arms.

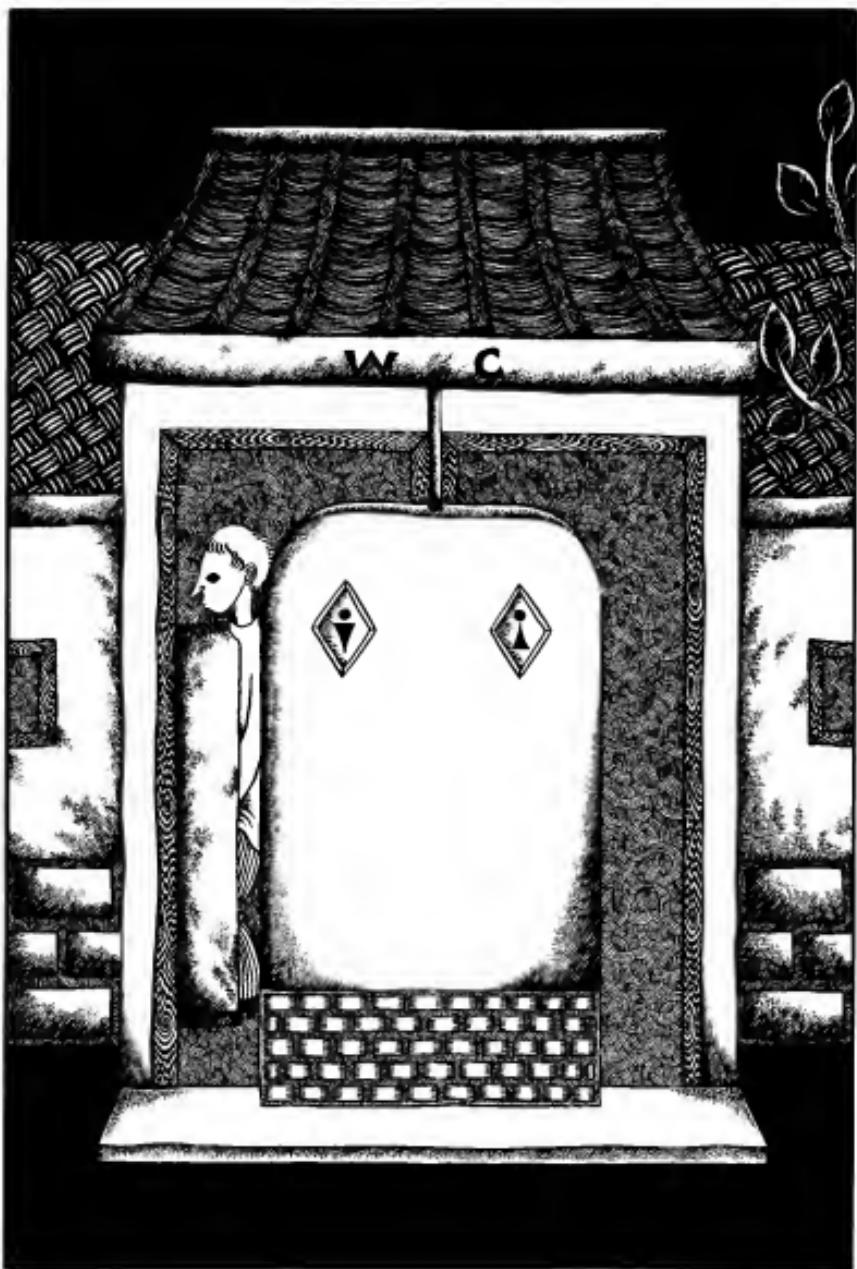


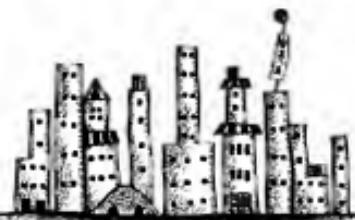


I lost
my
balance
on the
narrow
ledge.









A Day
for an
Outing

Nishioka
Kyodai

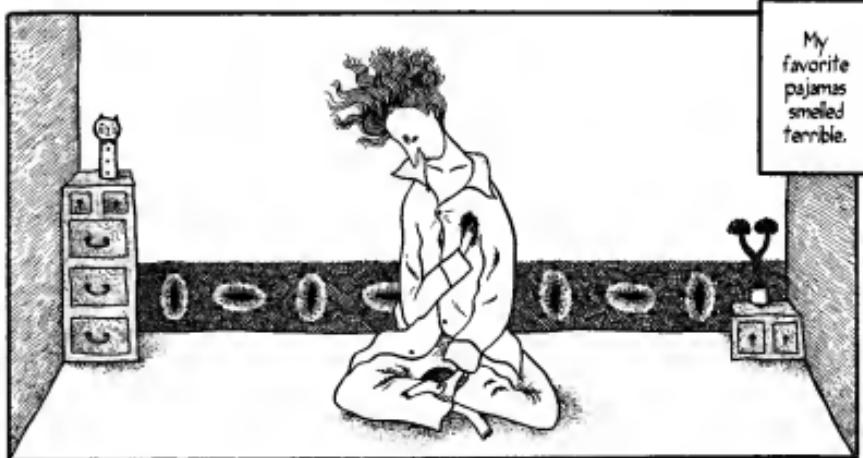


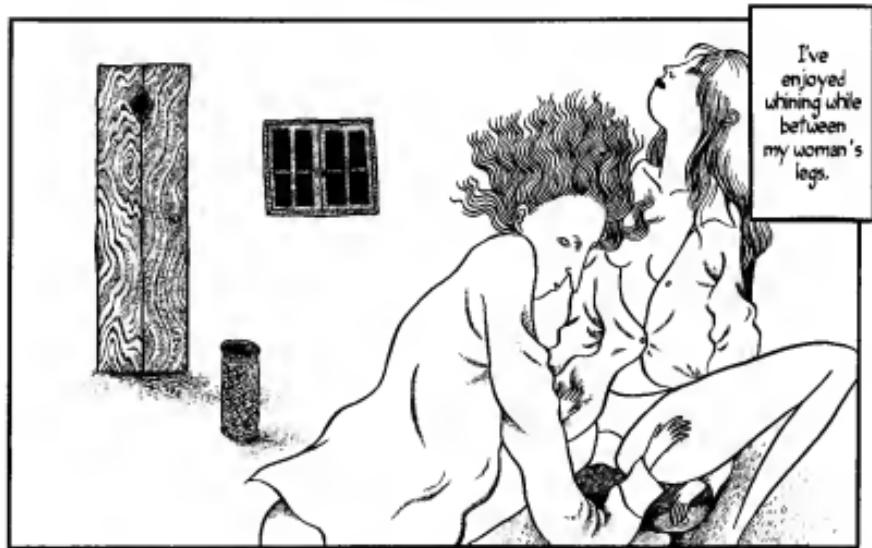
What a
stench
...



There was
a foul odor.

My
favorite
pajamas
smelled
terrible.

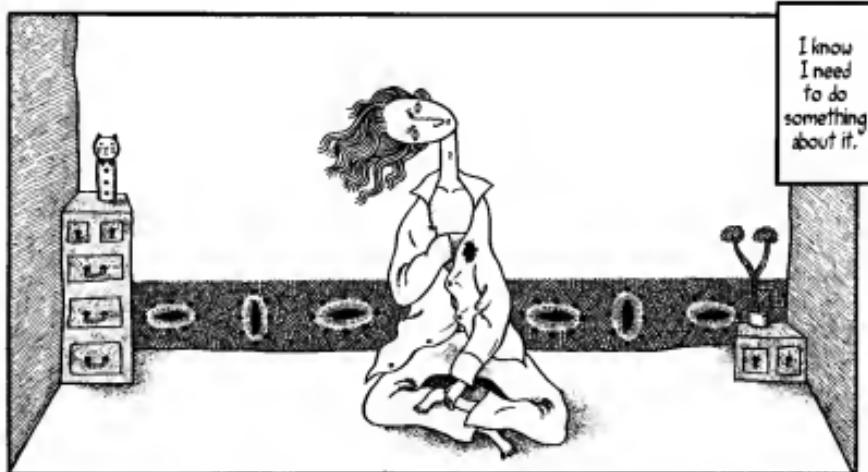


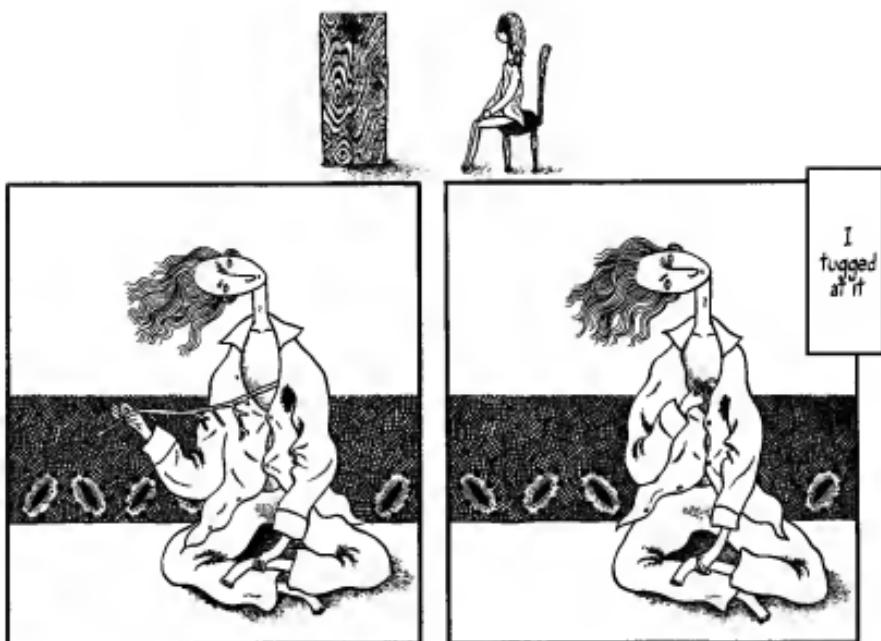




I can't
help it.

I know
I need
to do
something
about it.





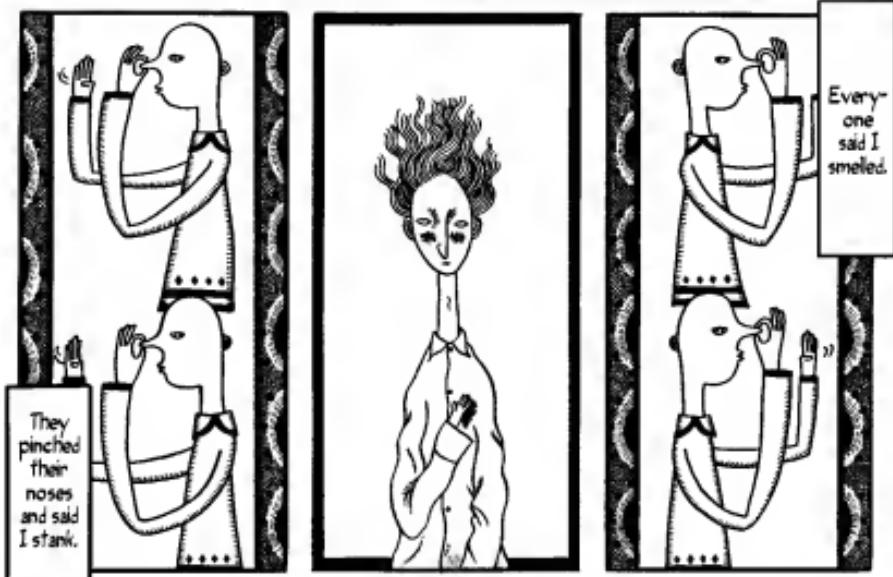


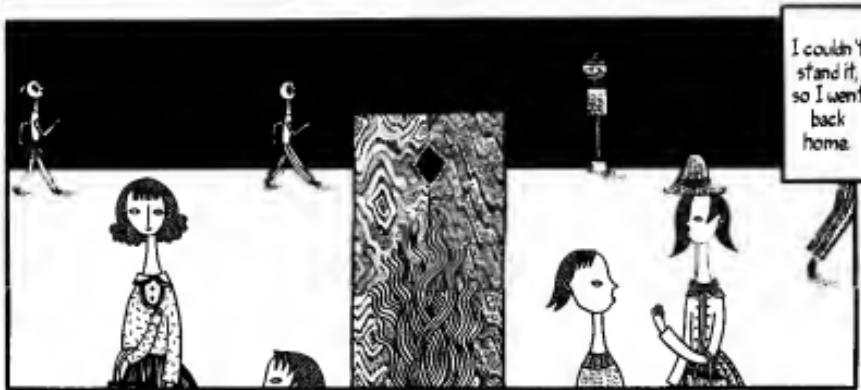
I wanted to hit her.



But that was shameful.









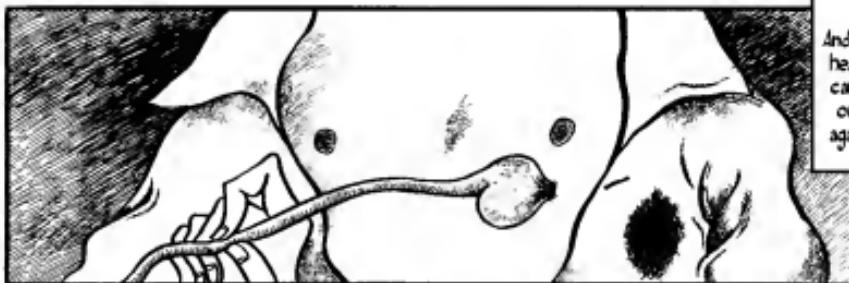
I can't
help it.

I know
I need
to do
some-
thing
about it.



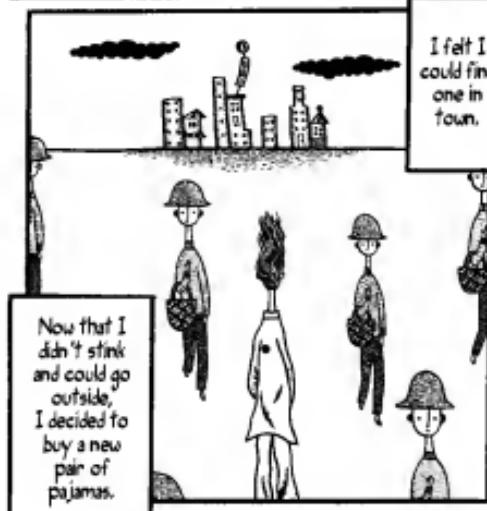
I
tugged
at it.

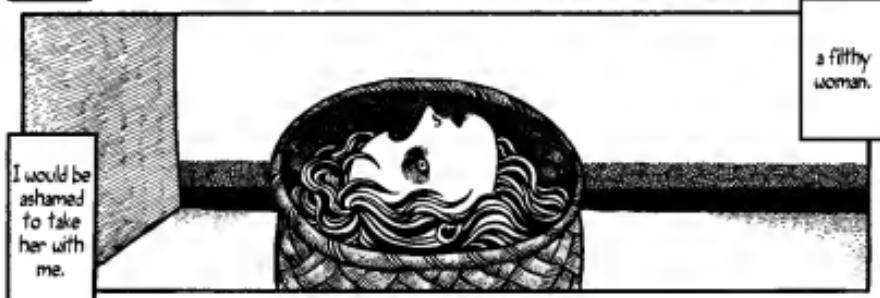
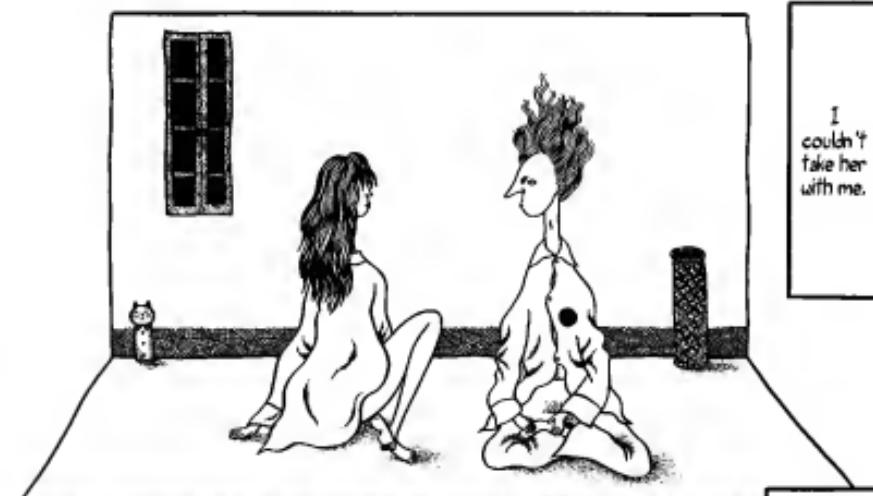


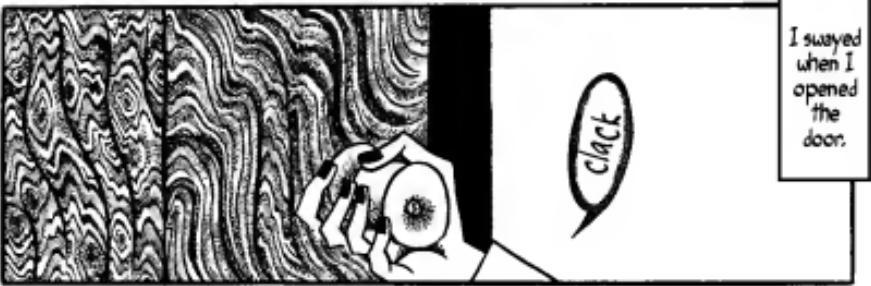




But I was relieved that the stench was gone.

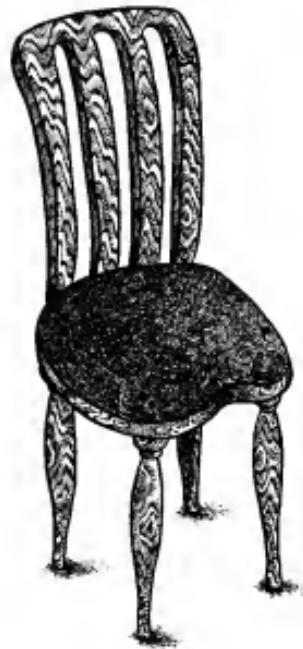








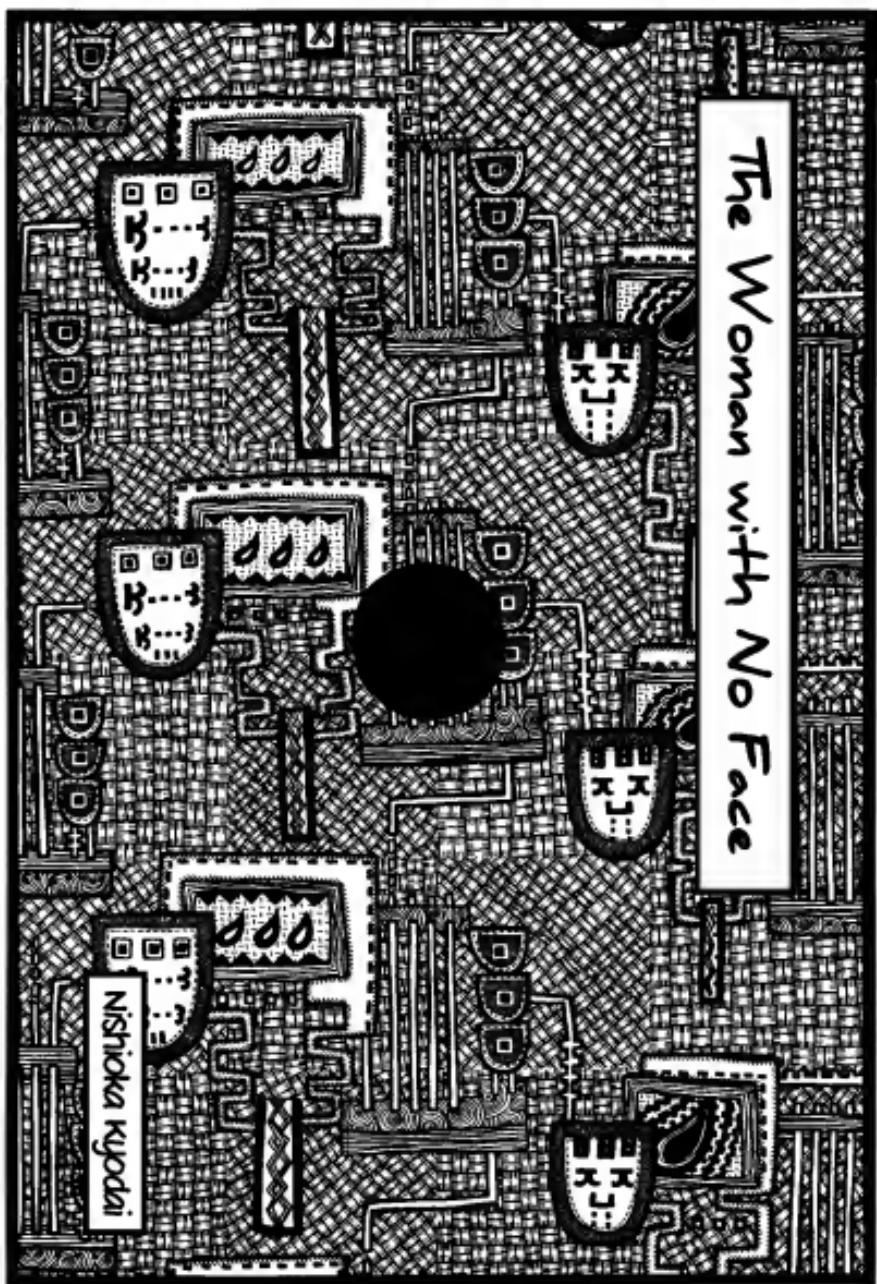
Now to
go out
and find
a heart.



THE END

The Woman with No Face

Nishioka Kyodai





I want to
scream
"help me."
Does that
mean I want
help or that
I want to
scream for
help?

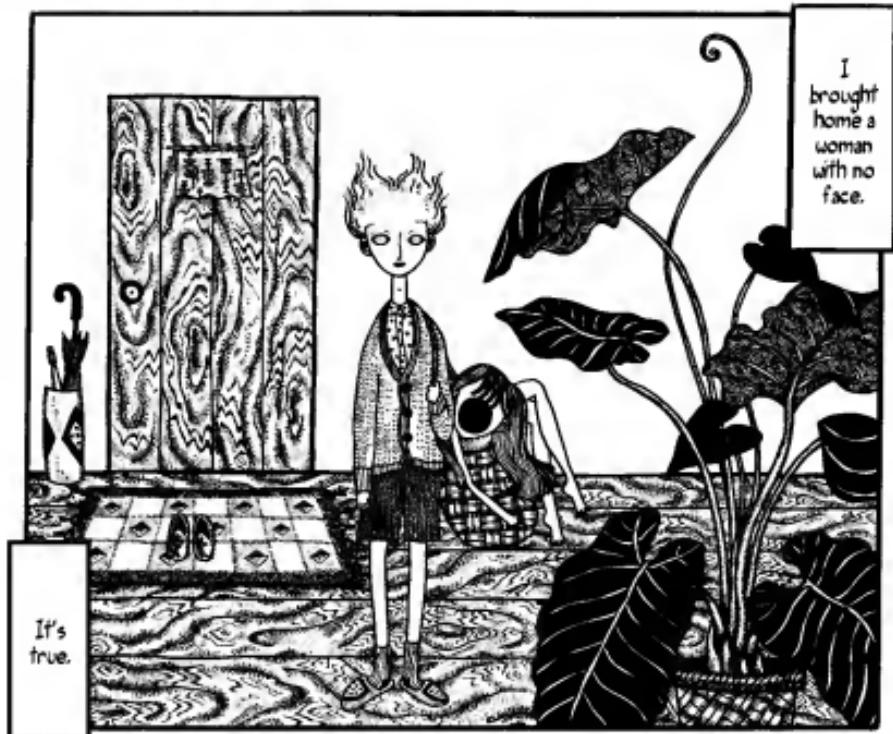
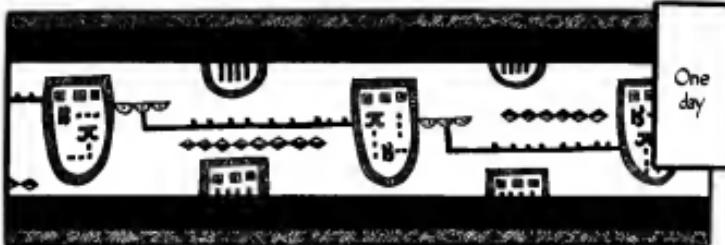
It
doesn't
really
matter...

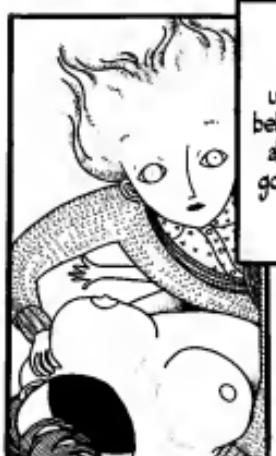


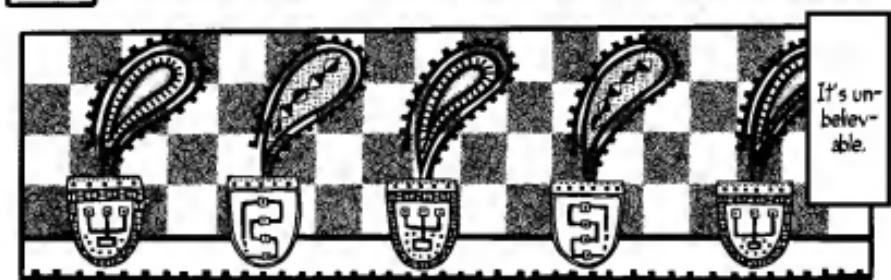
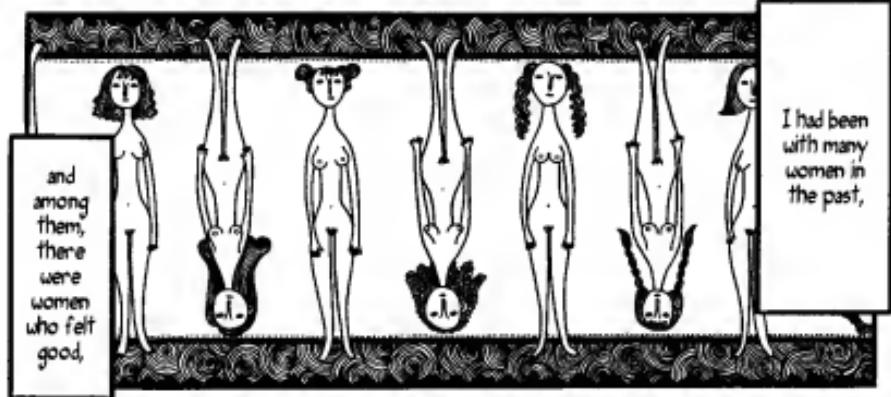
It
doesn't
matter
...

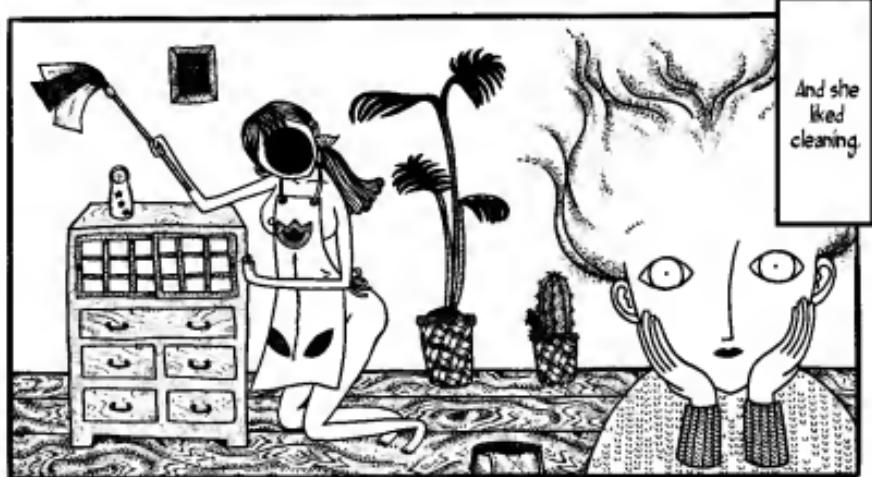
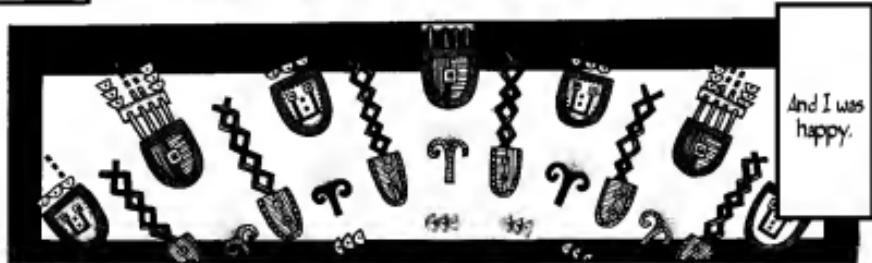
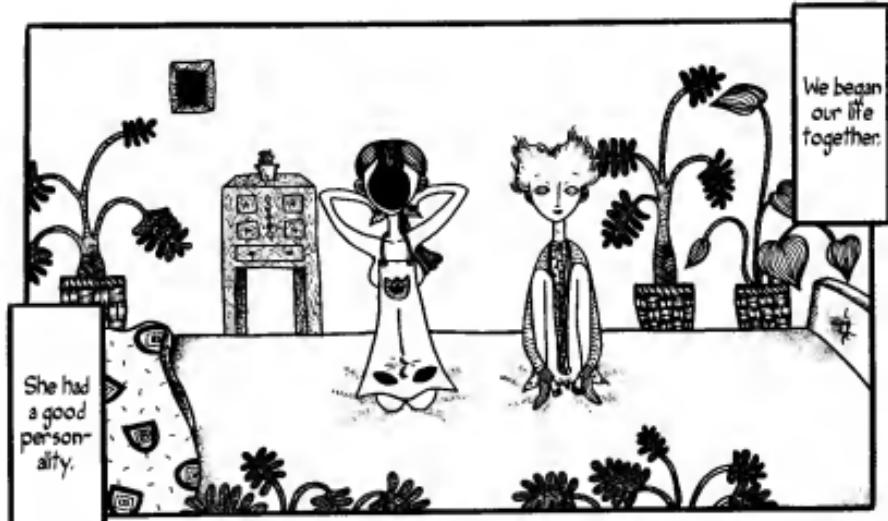
let me
tell you
about
the
woman
with no
face.

Now





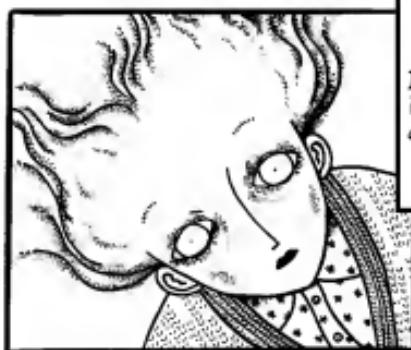




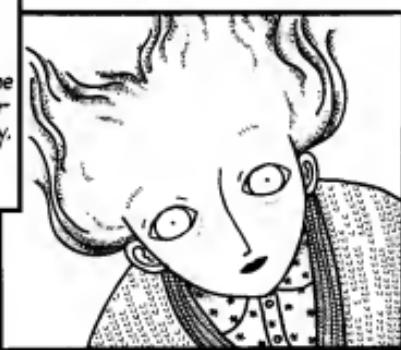


Then one day I was struck by curiosity.





I came
imme-
diately.

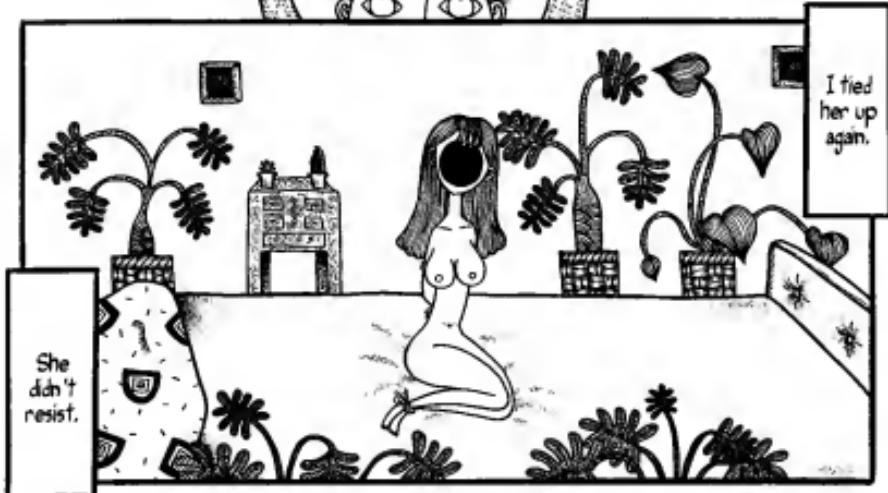
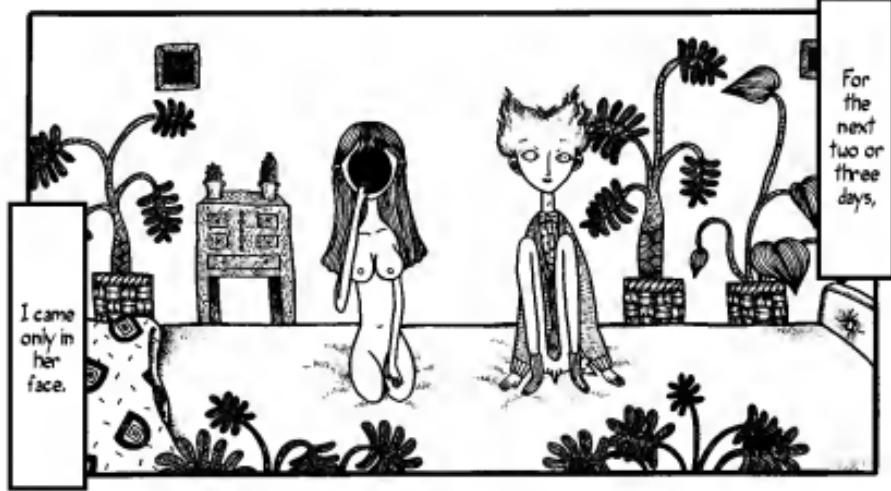


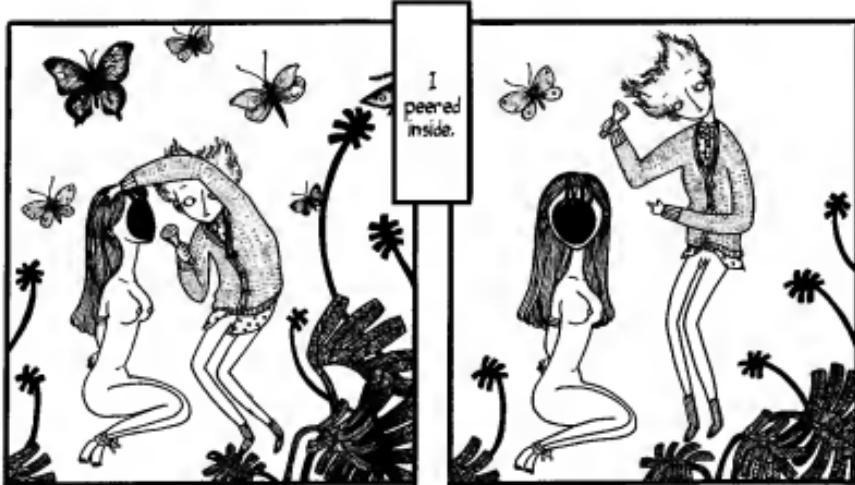
It was
wonder-
ful.



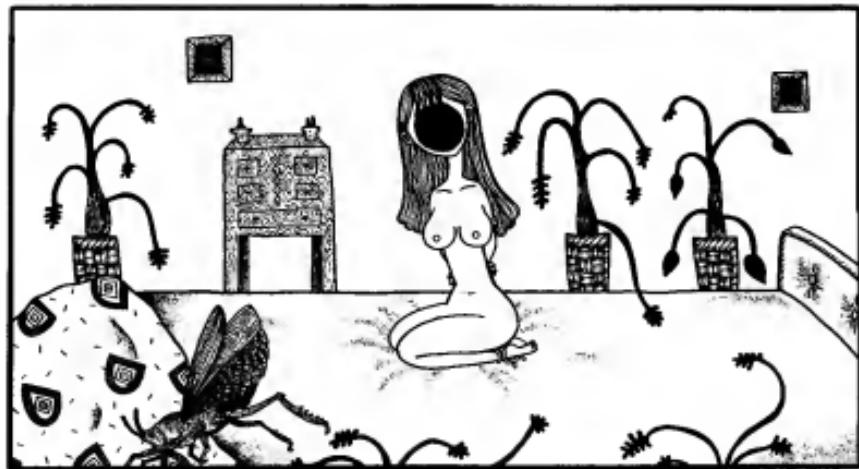
I came
so much.
It was
wonder-
ful.

It felt
so natural -
no friction -
just the
sense of
being
swallowed
up, of
falling.











And
now
I'm
here.



I can't
tell if I'm
still falling
or if I've
stopped.

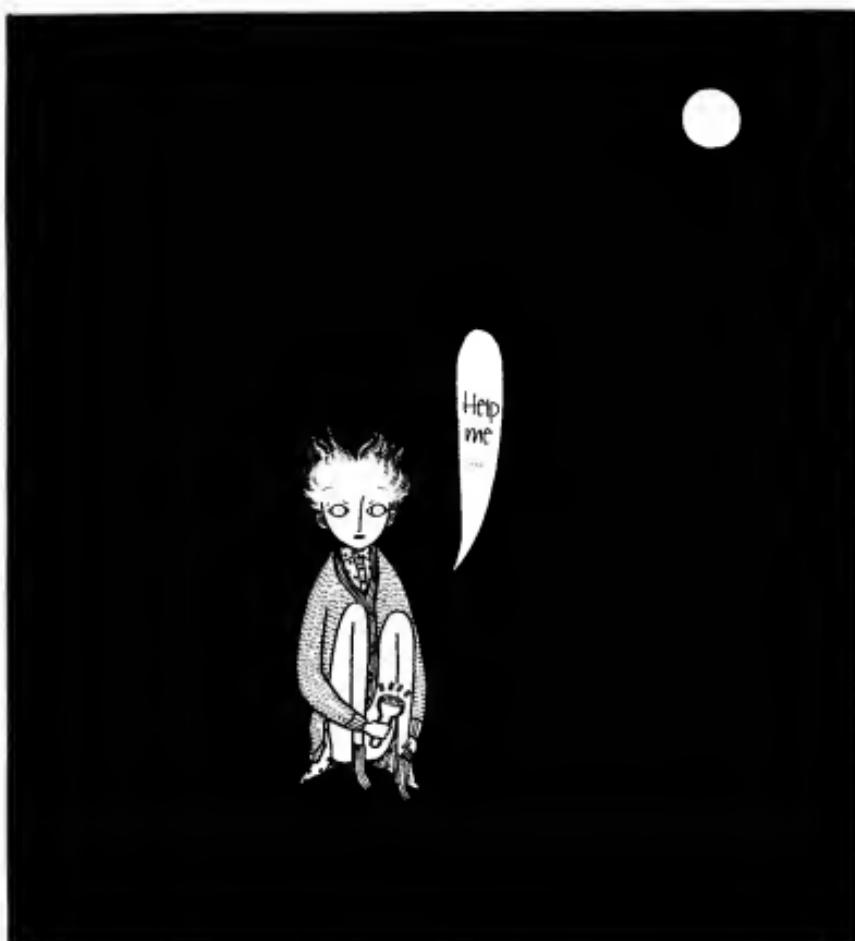


The light of
my flashlight
is swallowed
up by the
darkness.

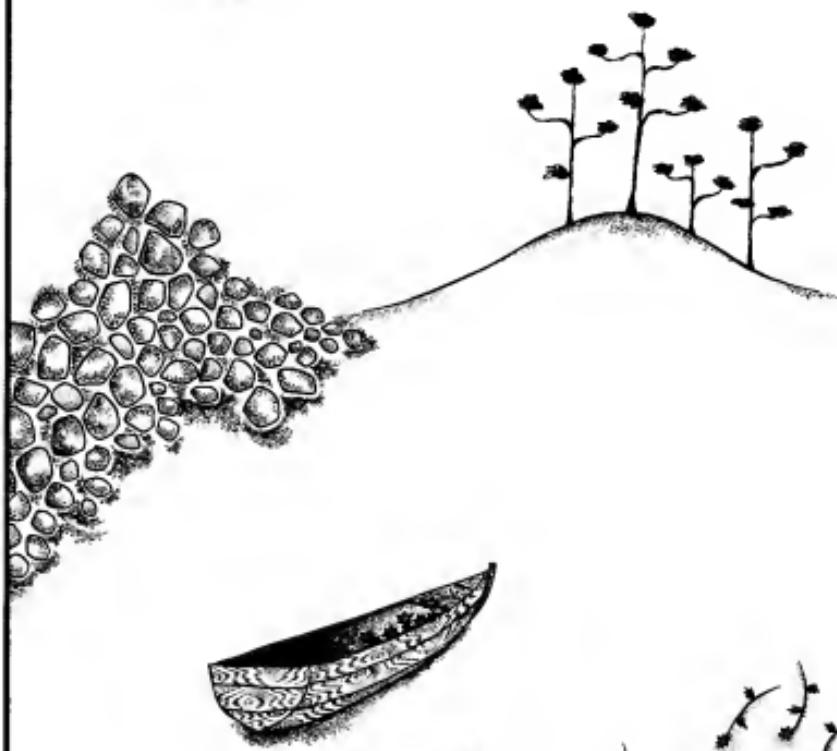


The
moon
floats
around
slowly.



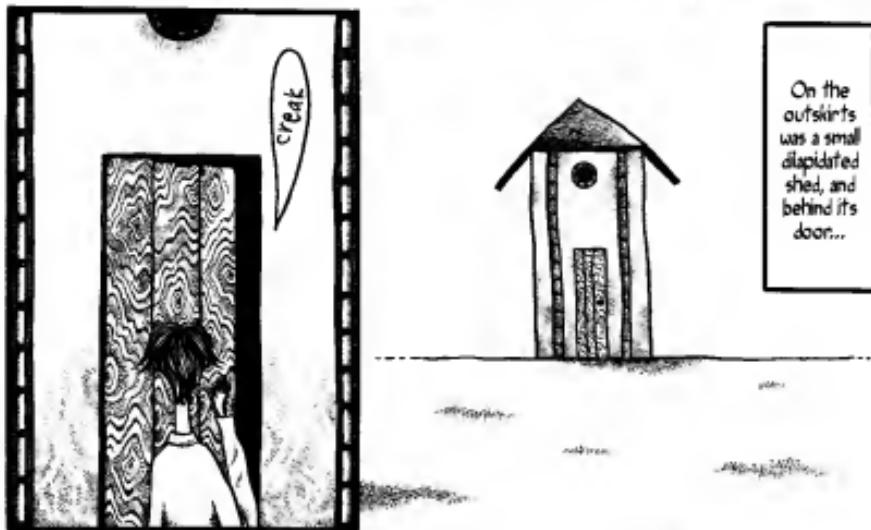
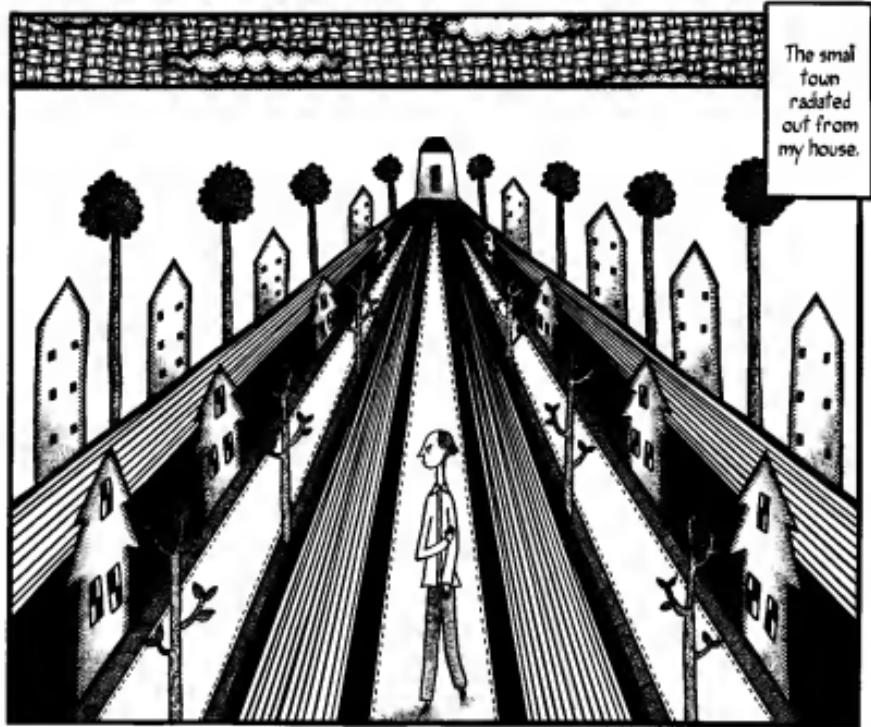


boat



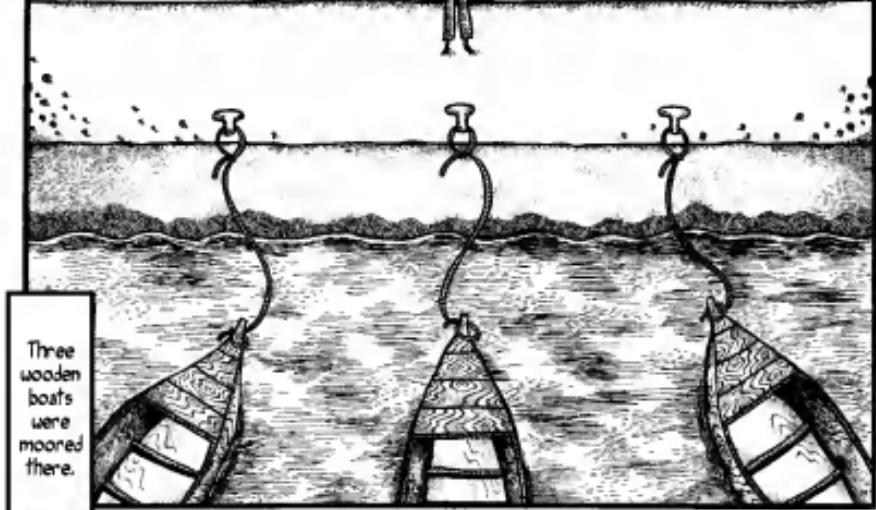
Nishioka Kyodai







was a
harbor.



Three
wooden
boats
were
moored
there.



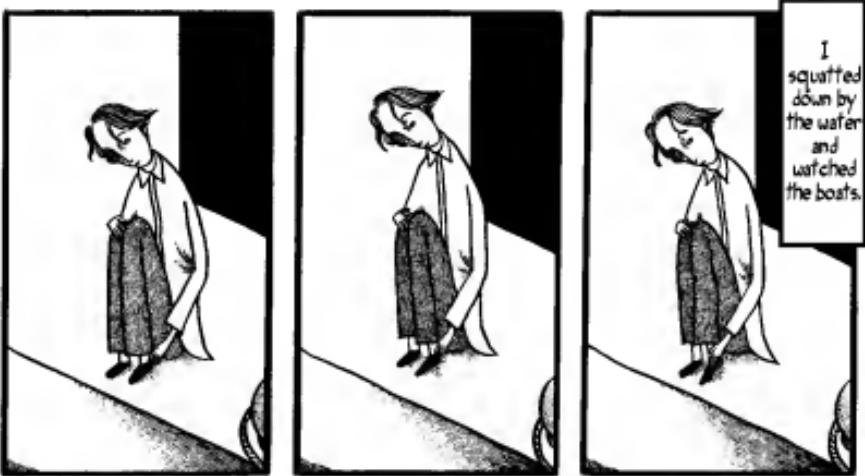


It is said that long ago when the first settlers crossed the ocean and arrived on these shores, they tied their boats up here

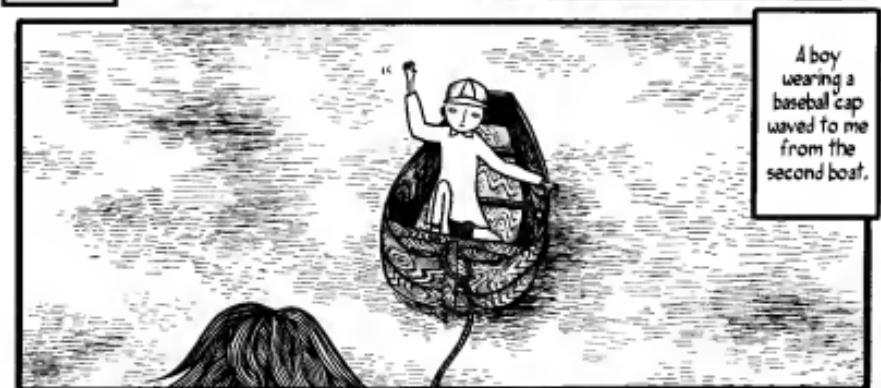
and built this shed before establishing the town.

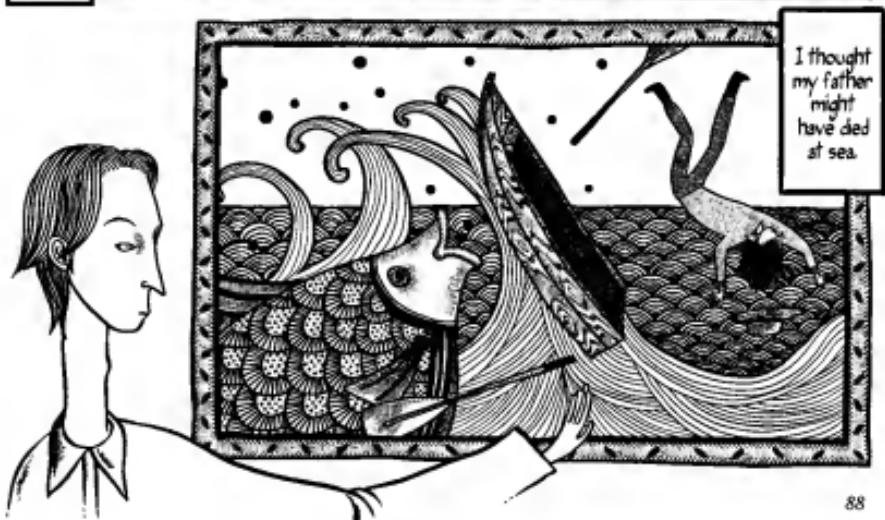


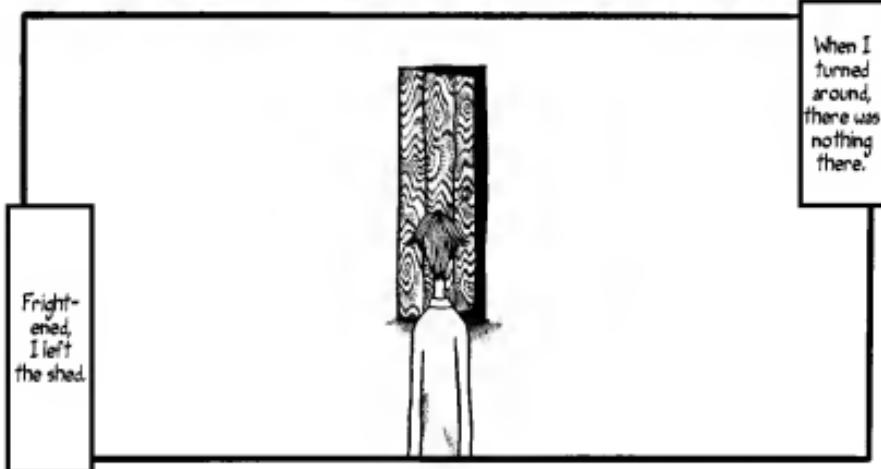
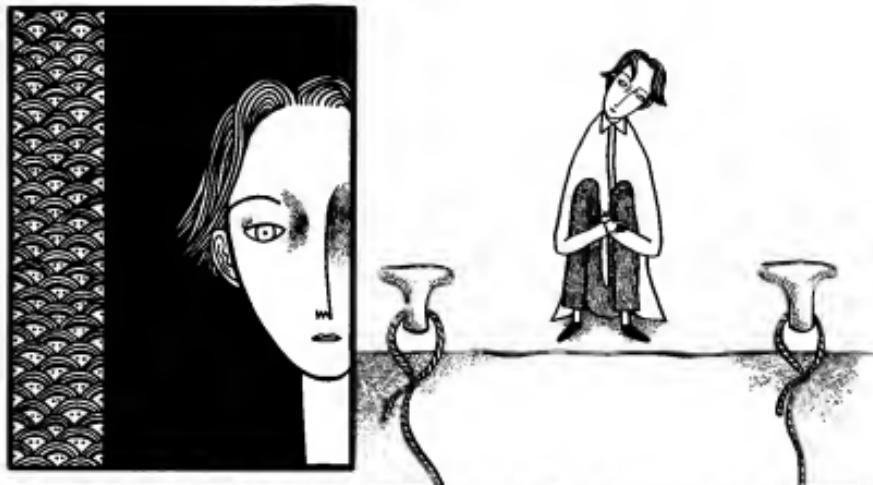
The boats floated like corpses on the still surface of the sea.

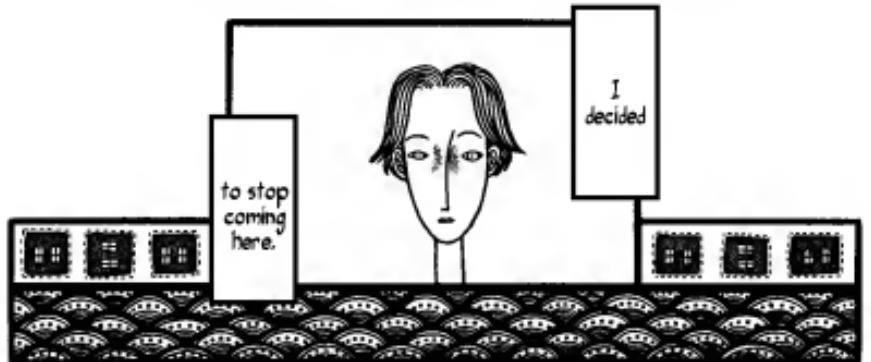


I
squatted
down by
the water
and
watched
the boats.

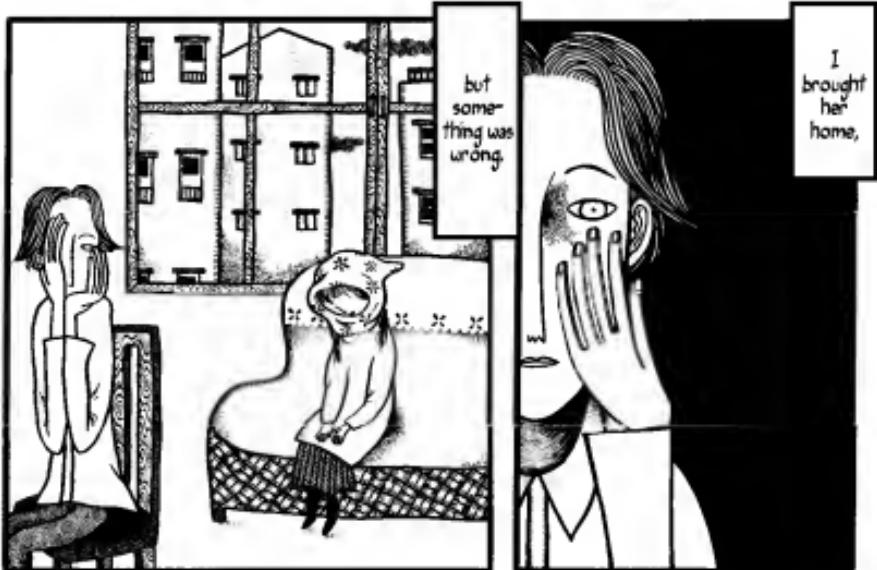
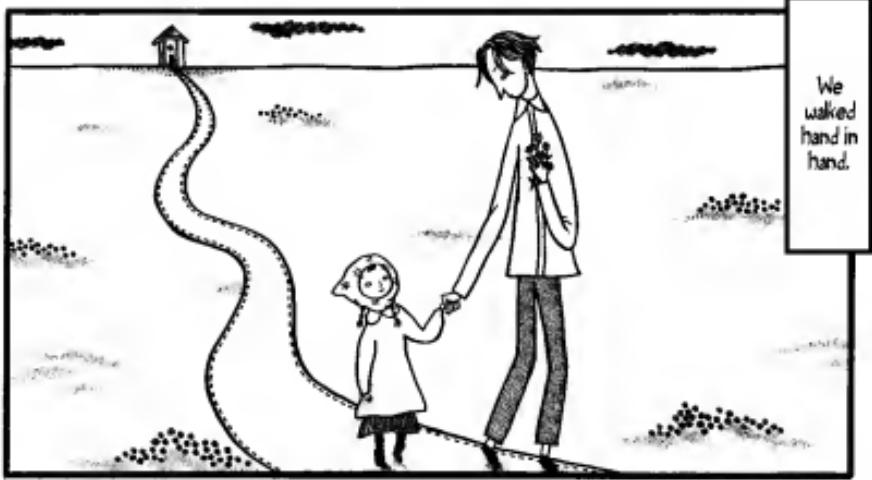
















"I have
to get
out of
here," I
thought.

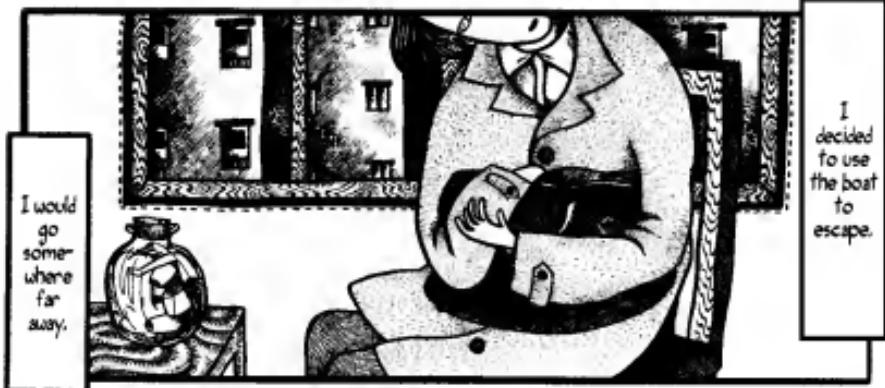


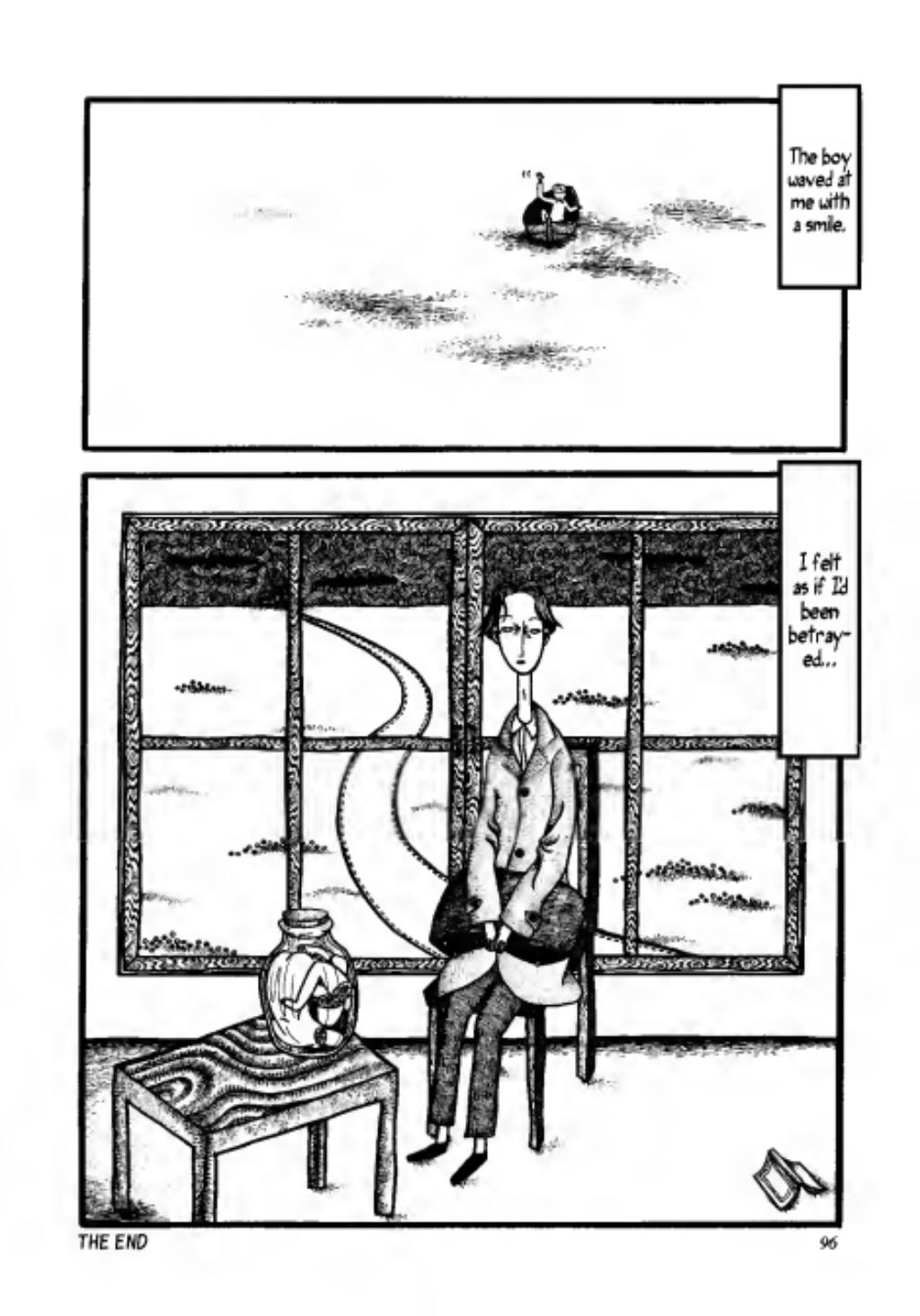
I put
her in a
bottle
and
ignored
her.



and a
single
boat
floating
on the
surface.

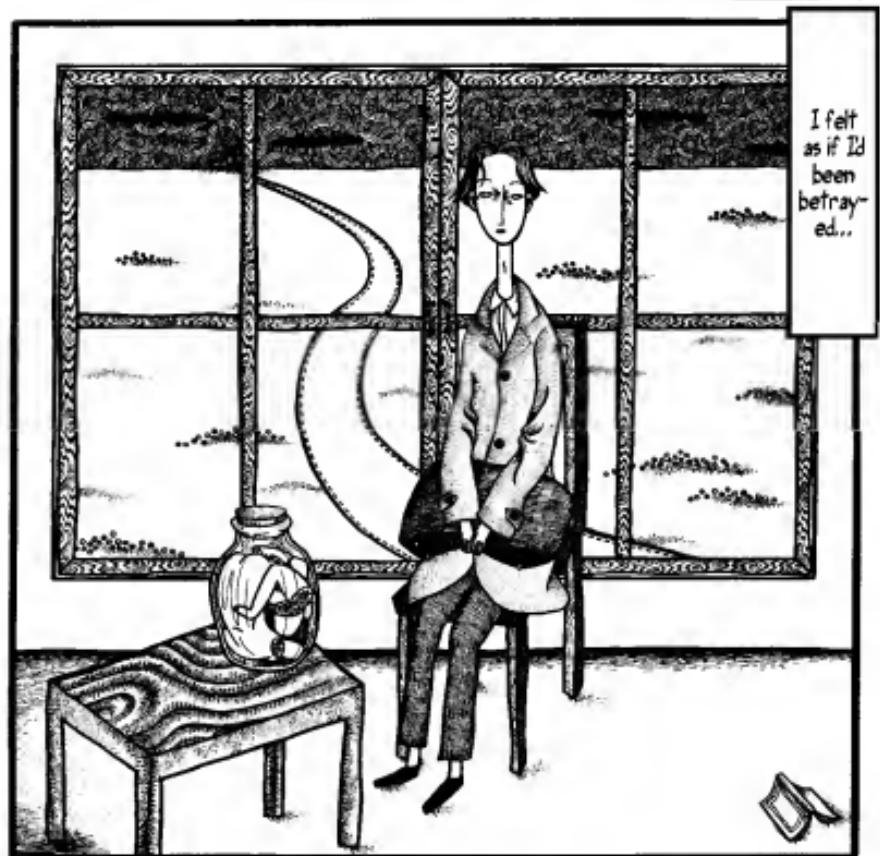
Glancing
over
at the
bottle,
I saw my
ocean
inside,





The boy
waved at
me with
a smile.

I felt
as if I'd
been
betrayed...



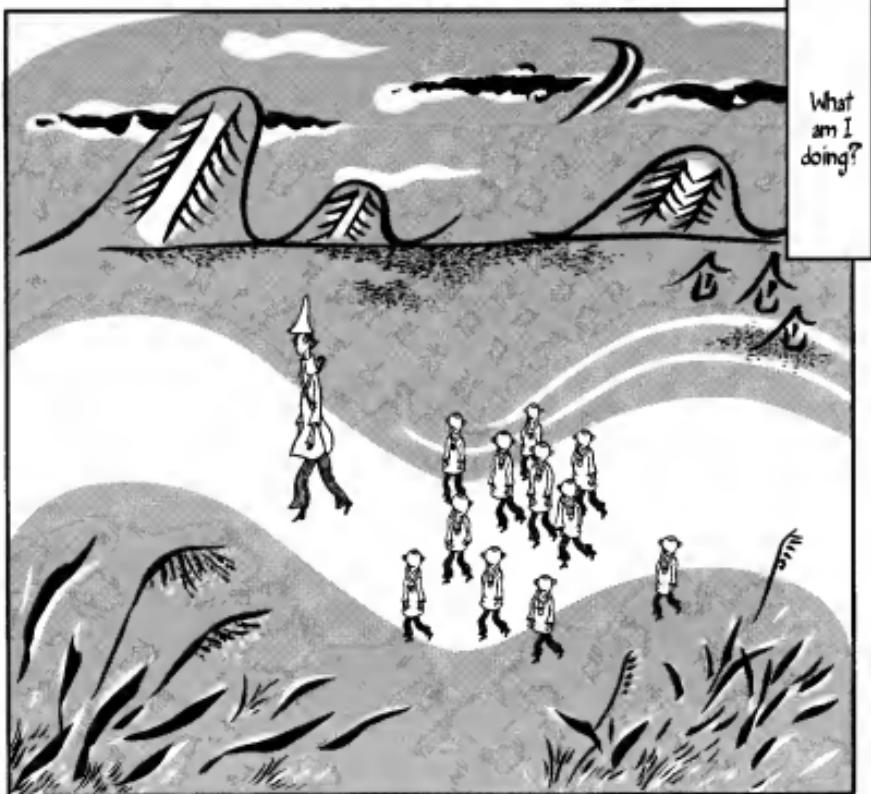
I felt
as if I'd
been
betrayed...

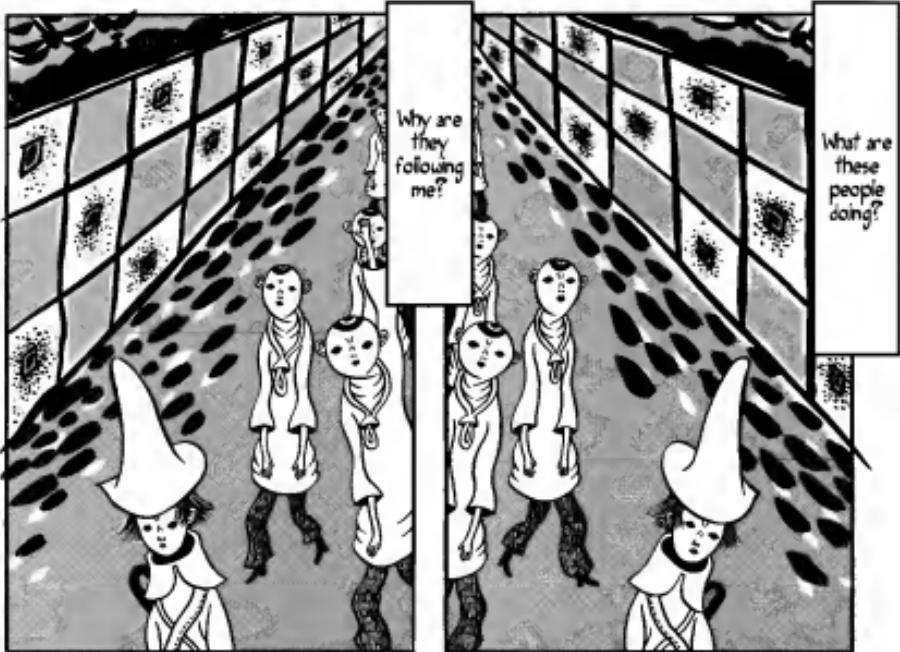


Our
Gang



Nishioka
Kyodai









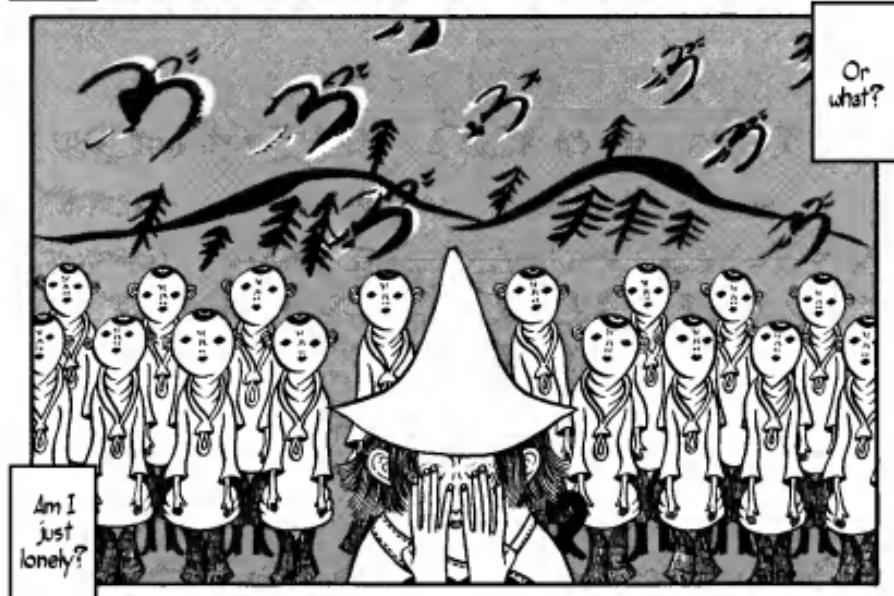
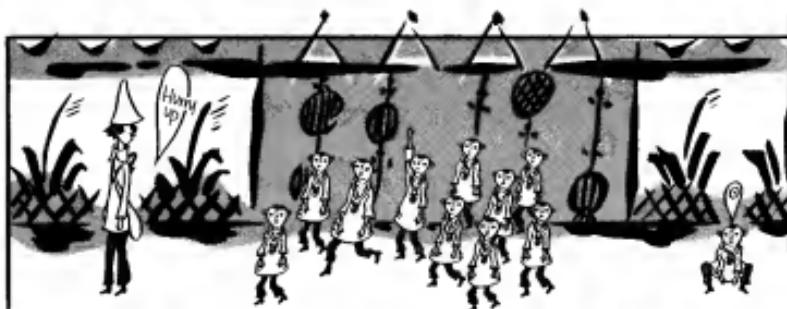
But they
can't do
a single
thing
for
themselves.

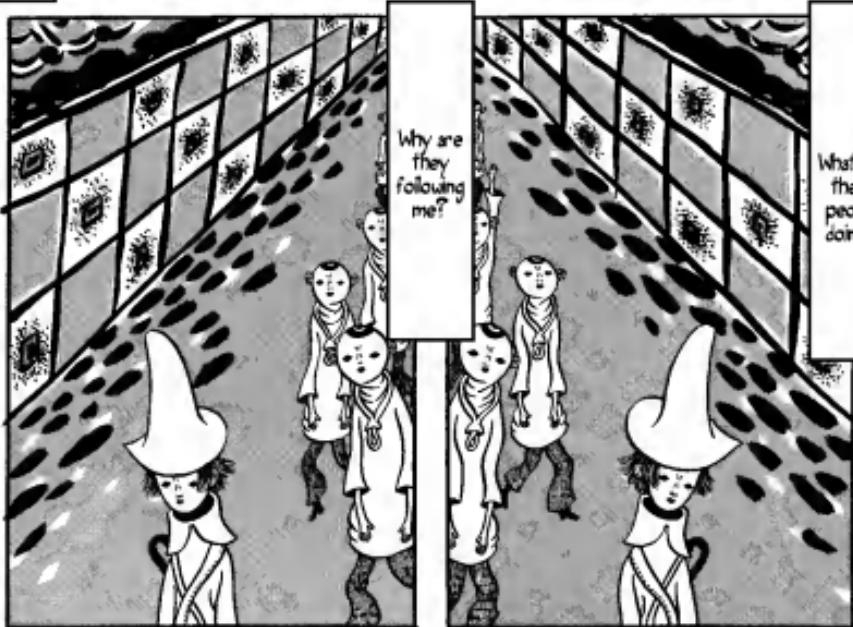


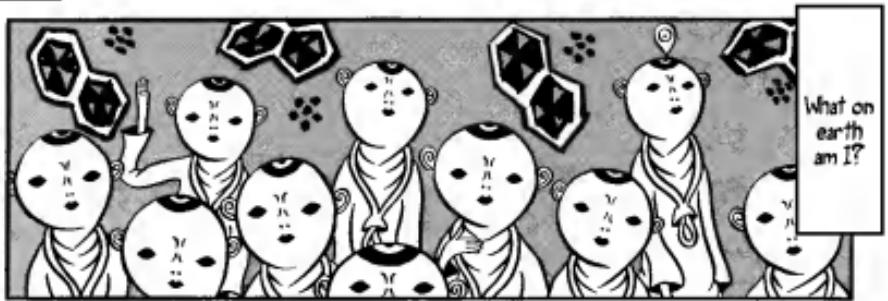
but
imme-
diately
grow
noisy
again.











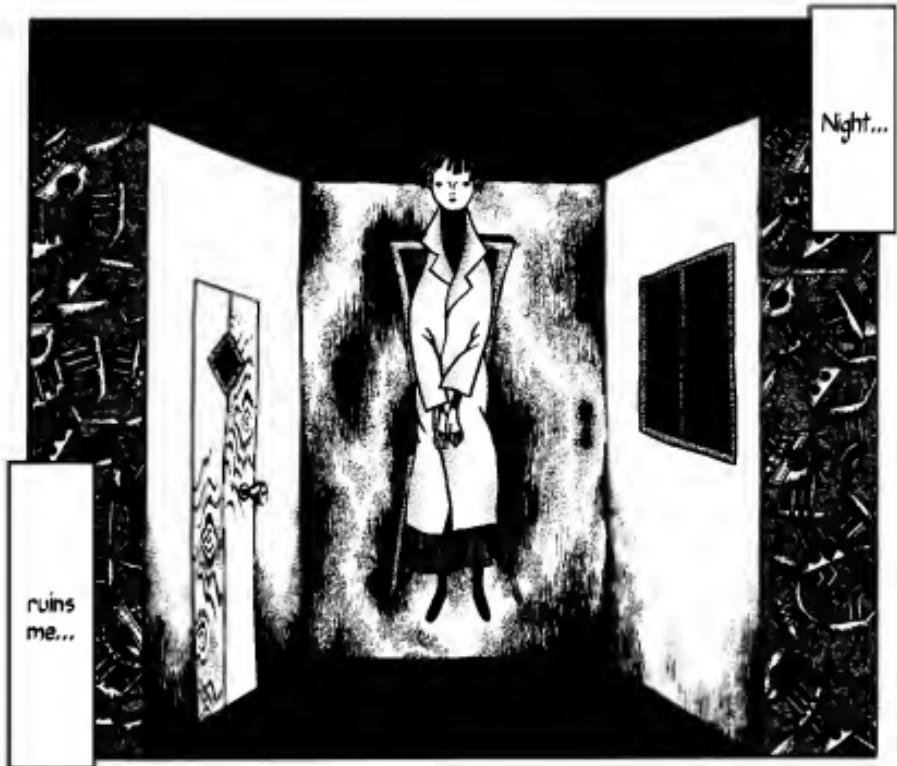


What
do I
know?

公
公
公



Night



There
are
children
still
awake

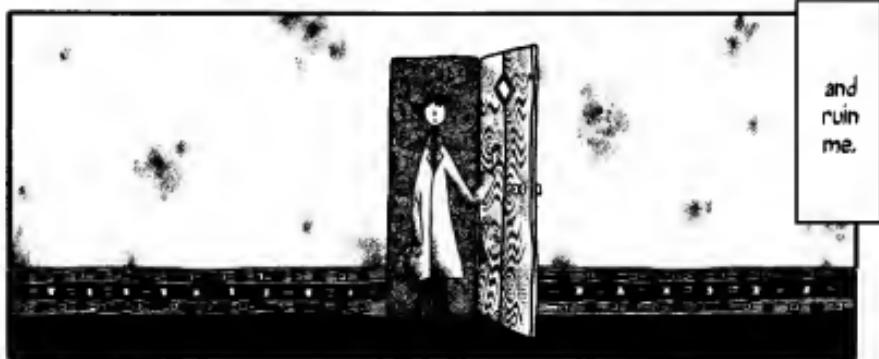
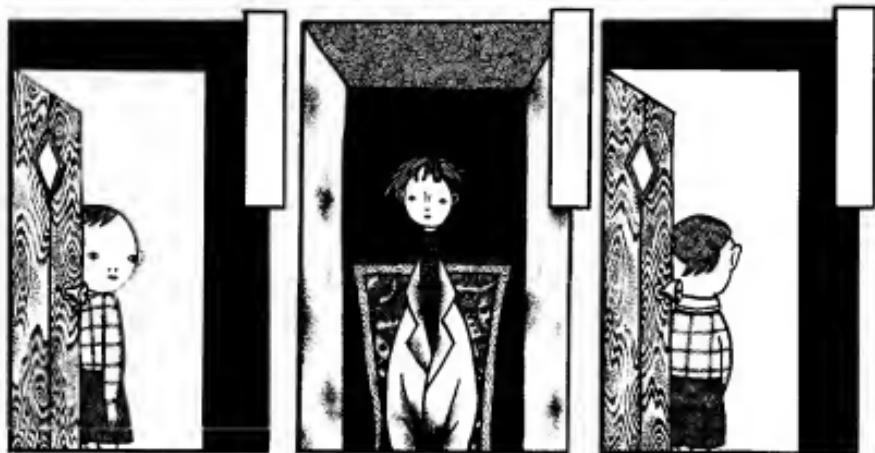
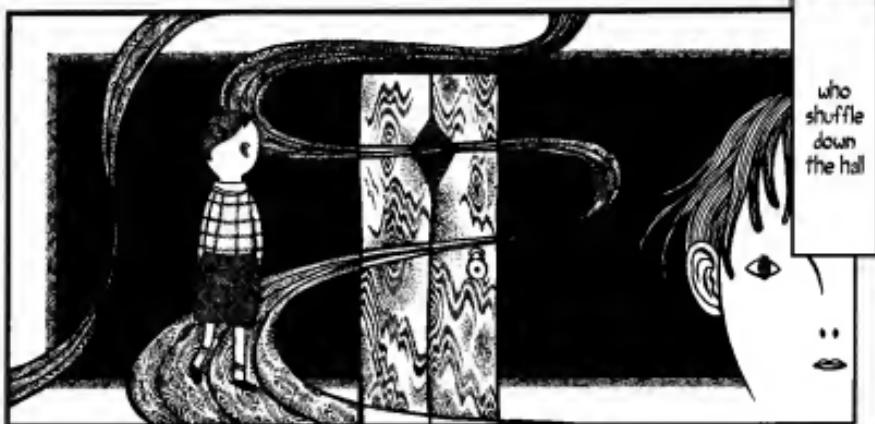
who tap
on the
window





and
ruin
me...

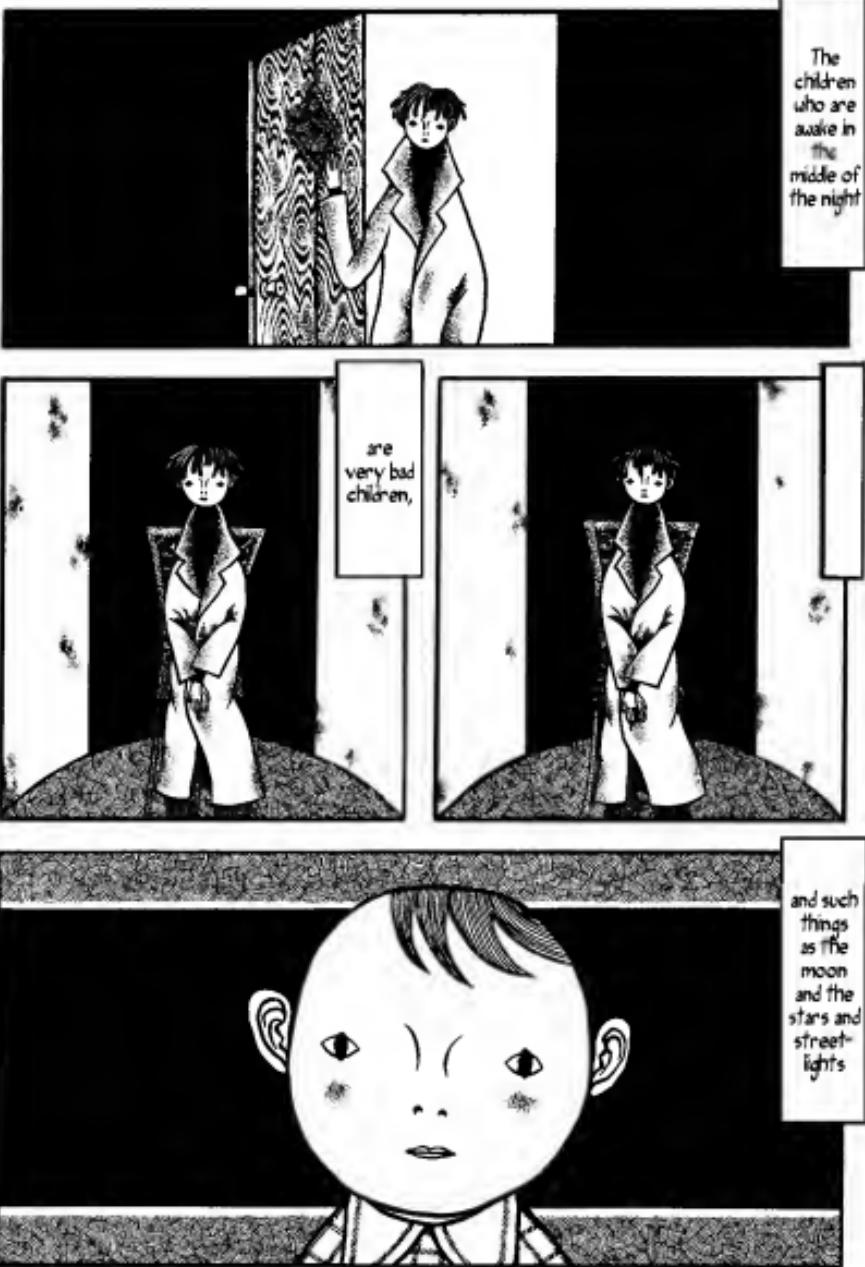






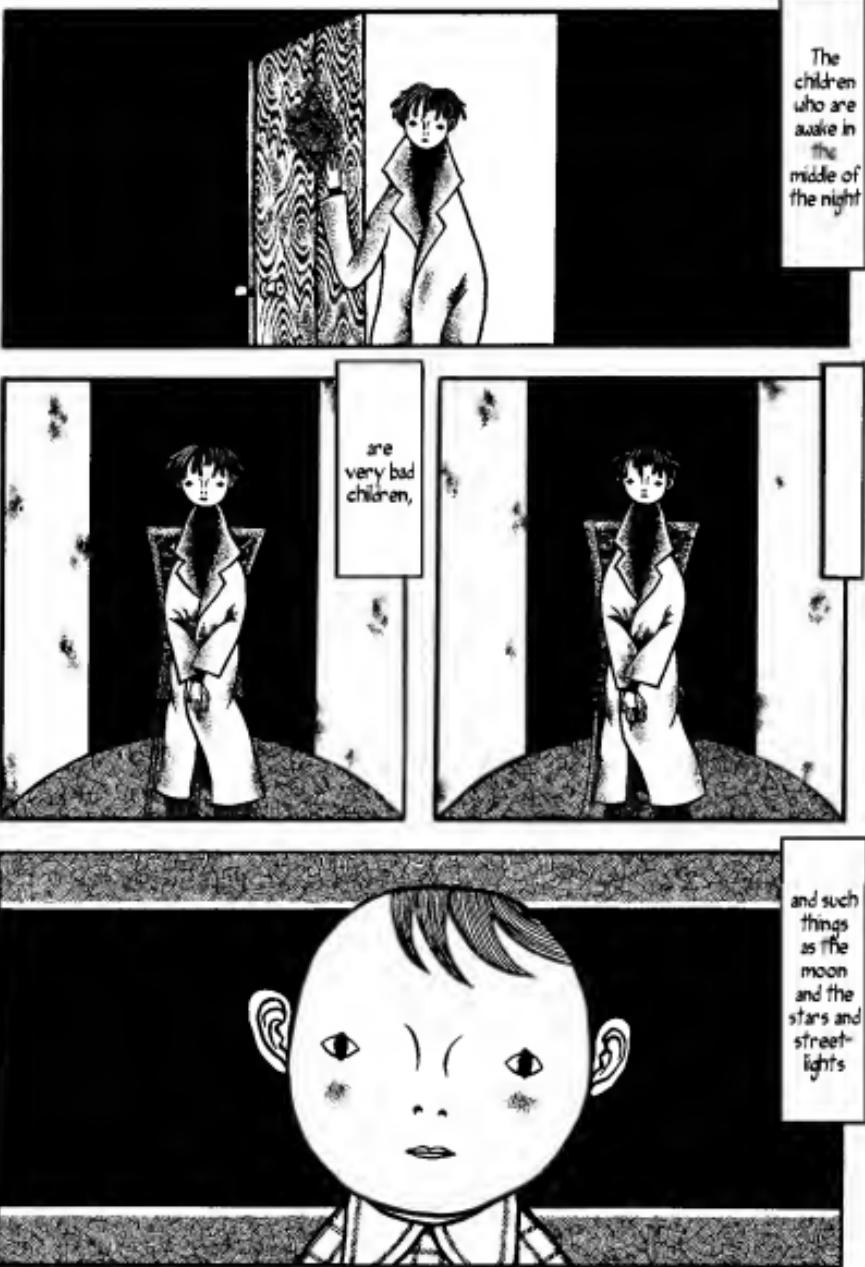




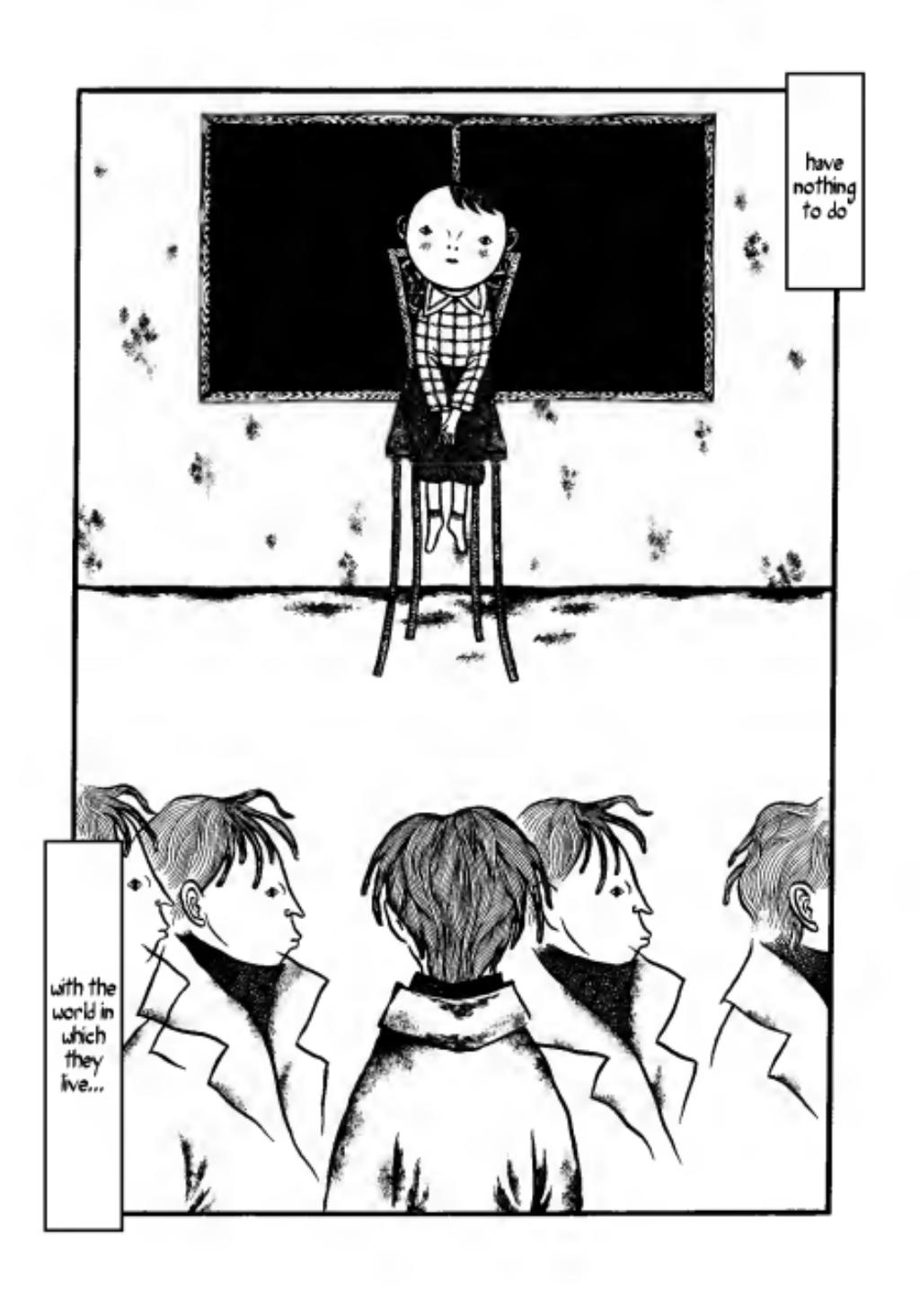


The
children
who are
awake in
the
middle of
the night

are
very bad
children,

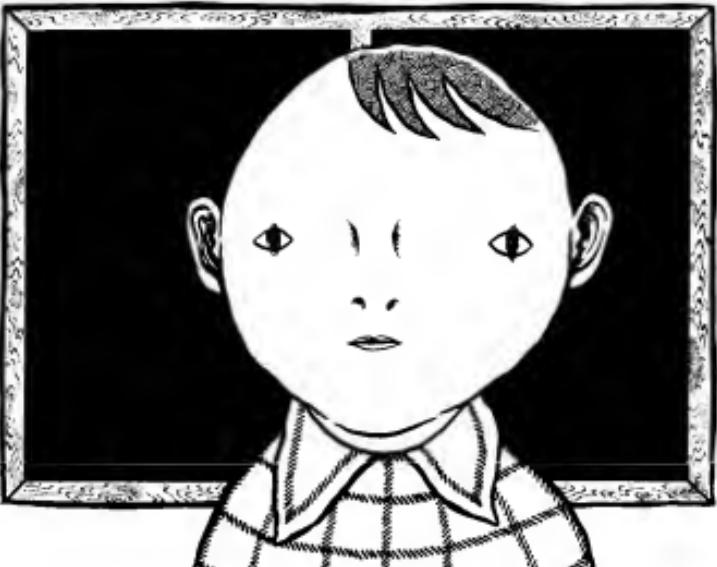
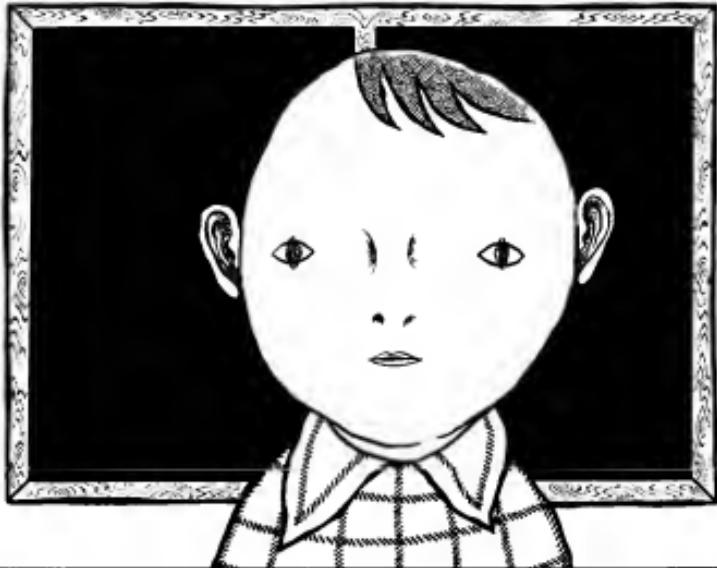


and such
things
as the
moon
and the
stars and
street-
lights



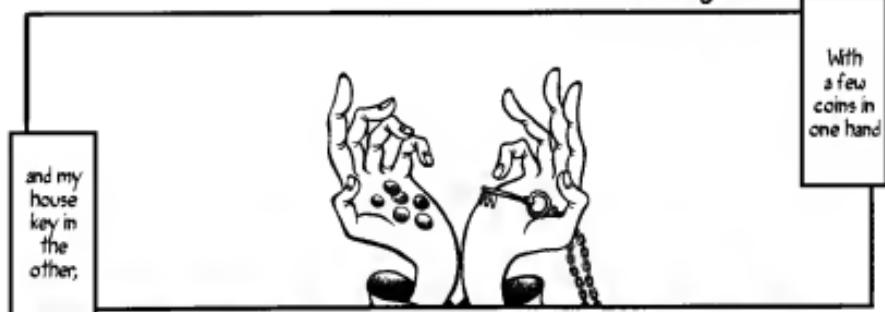
have
nothing
to do

with the
world in
which
they
live...





Nishioka Kyodai Ⅱ



and my
house
key in
the
other;

With
a few
coins in
one hand



I walked.

I walked
alongside
the
river.

I wanted
a coffee
and a
cola to
drink.

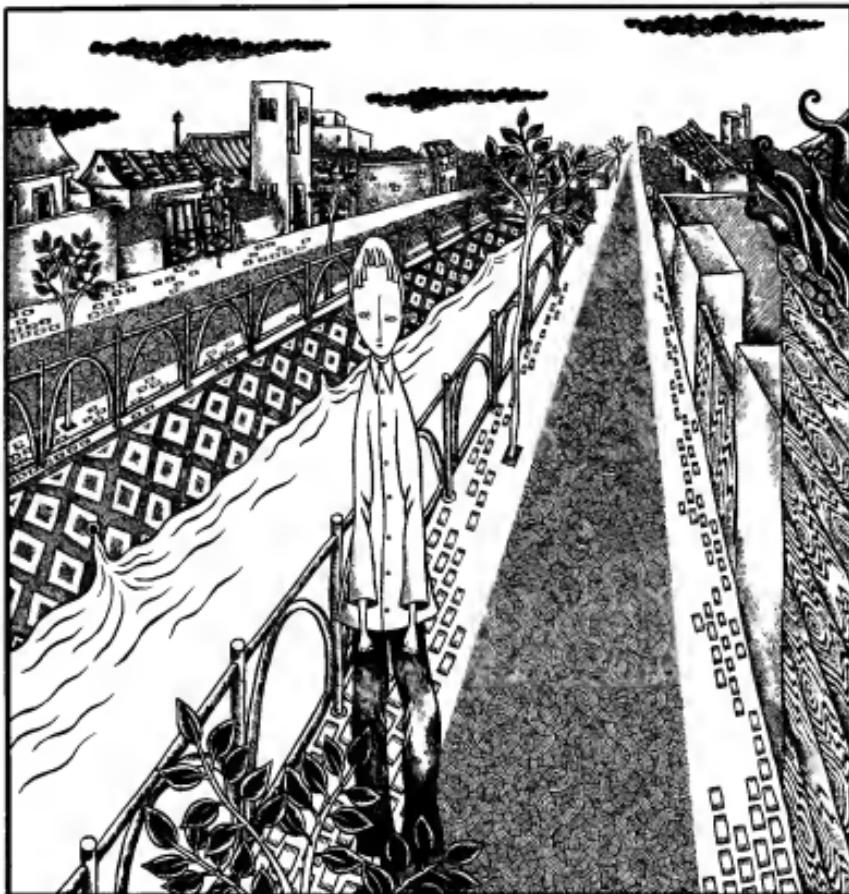
across
the
bridge,

Far
down
the
road,

I wanted
to buy
a coffee
and a cola
from it.

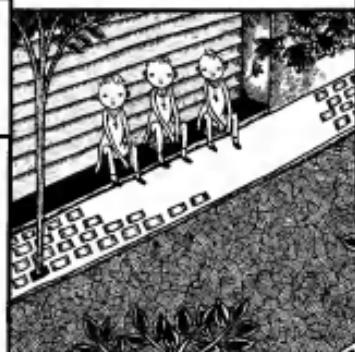
Enjoy!
COCA-COLA

was a
vending
machine.

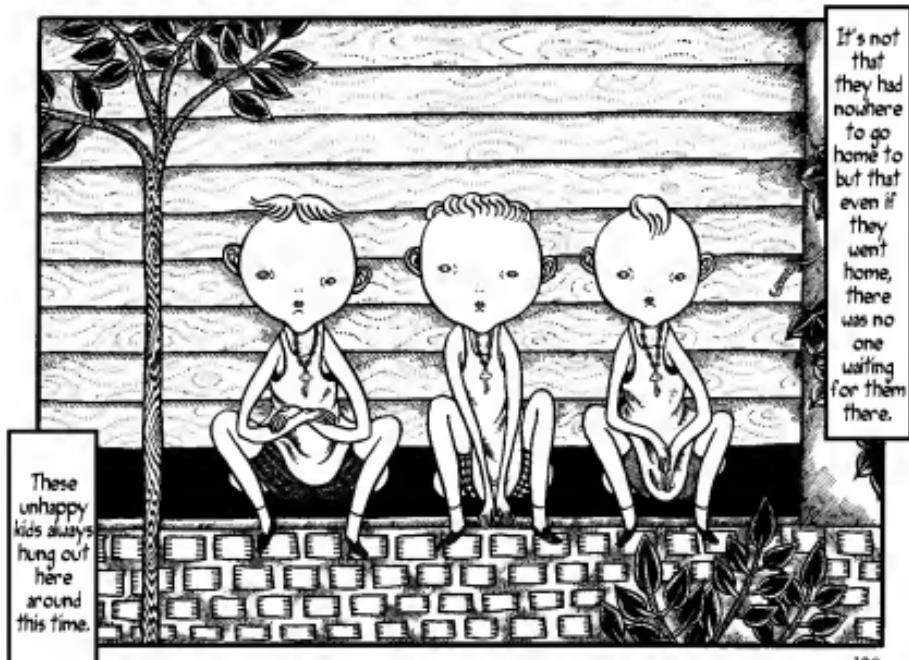




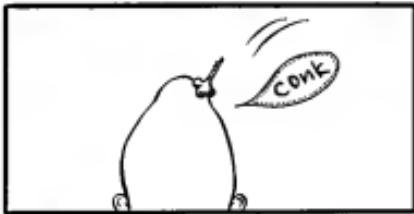
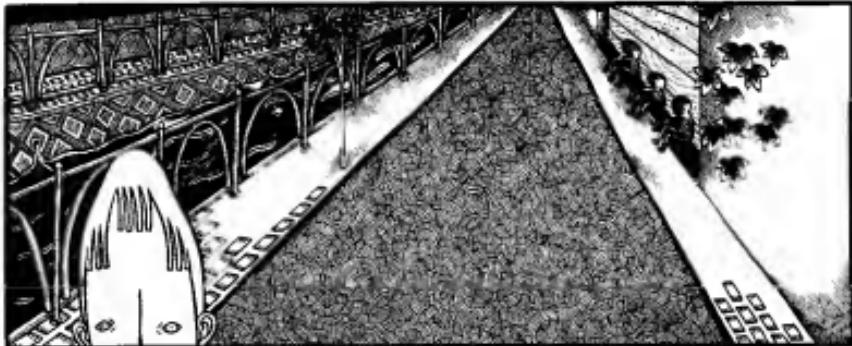
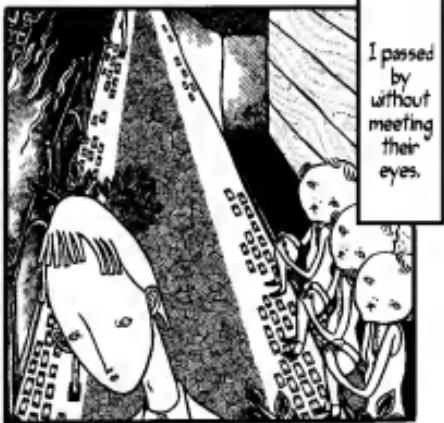
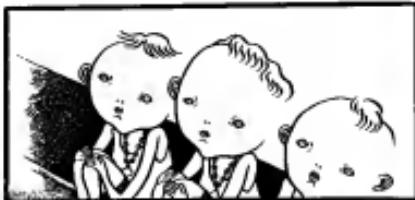
Just
hanging
out.

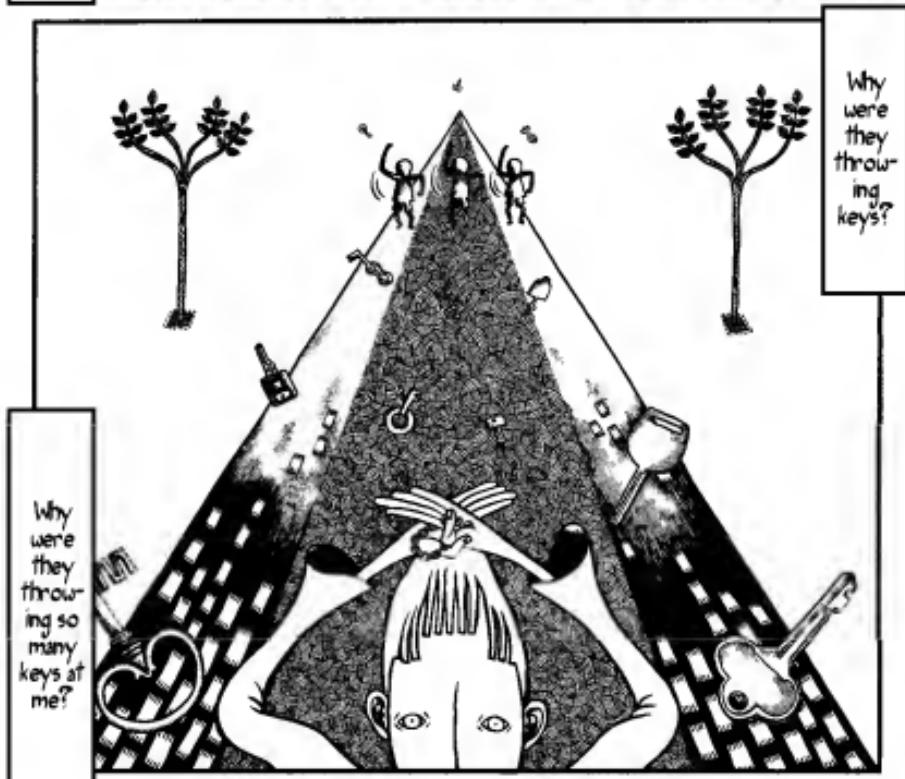
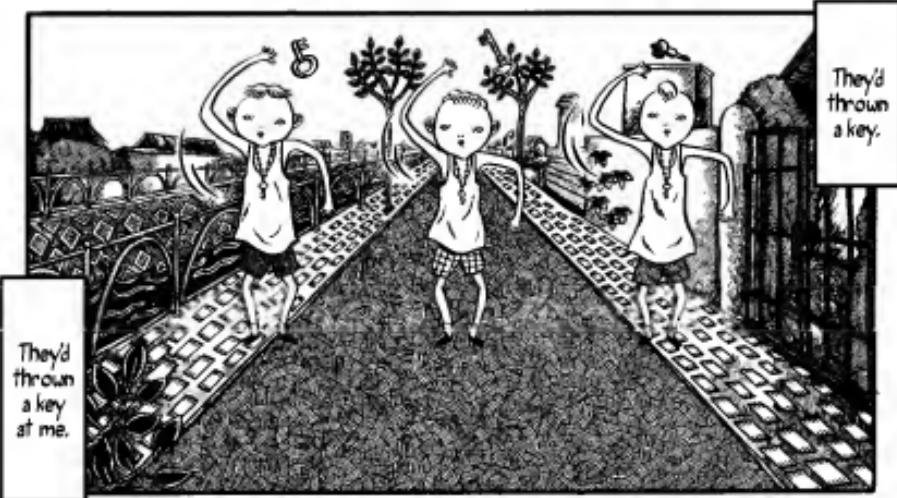


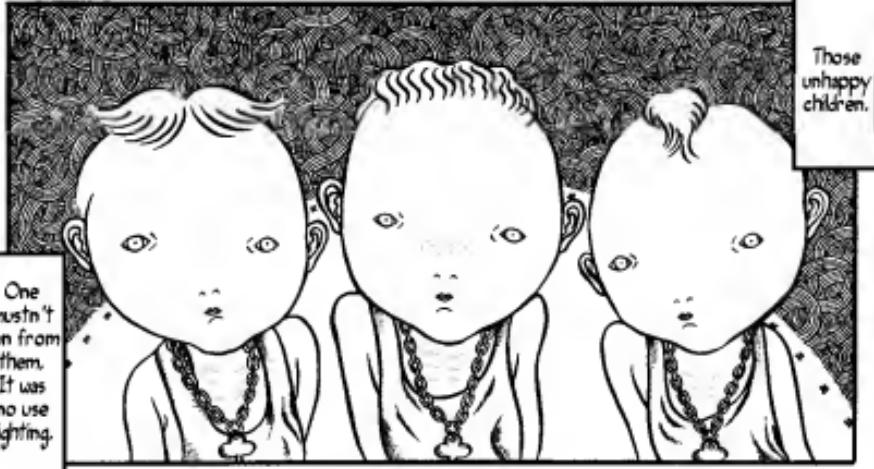
Latchkey
children
sat on
the side
of the
road.



These
unhappy
kids always
hung out
here
around
this time.







Those unhappy children.

One mustn't run from them. It was no use fighting.



"Oh, a key."

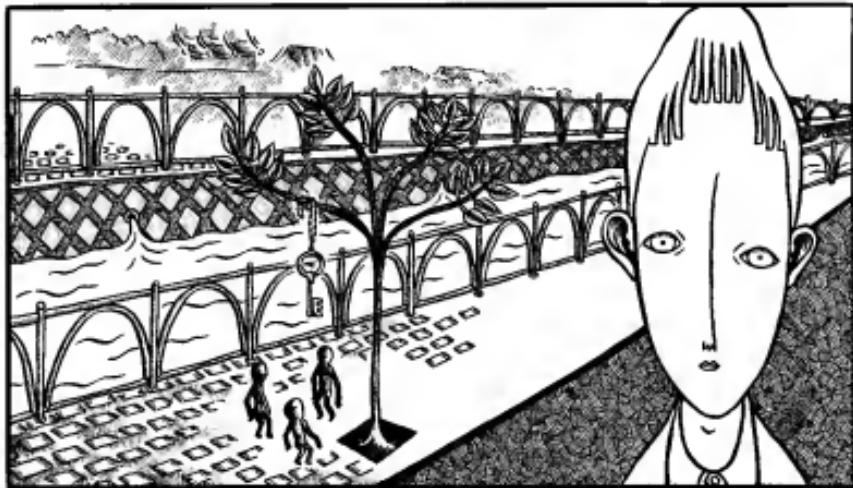
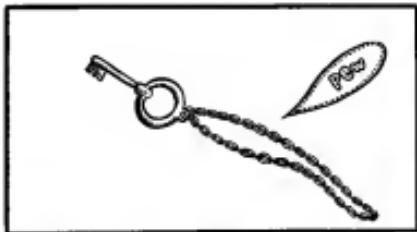


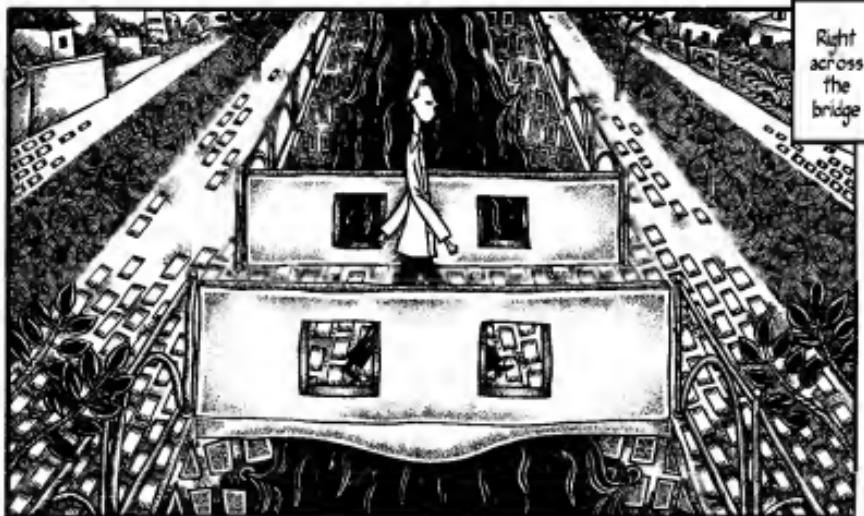
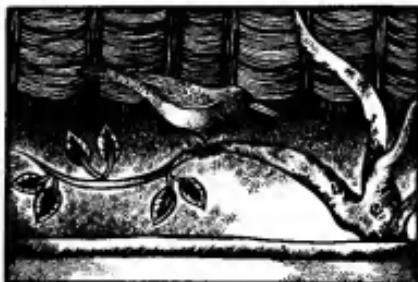
Just pretend not to notice and keep walking.

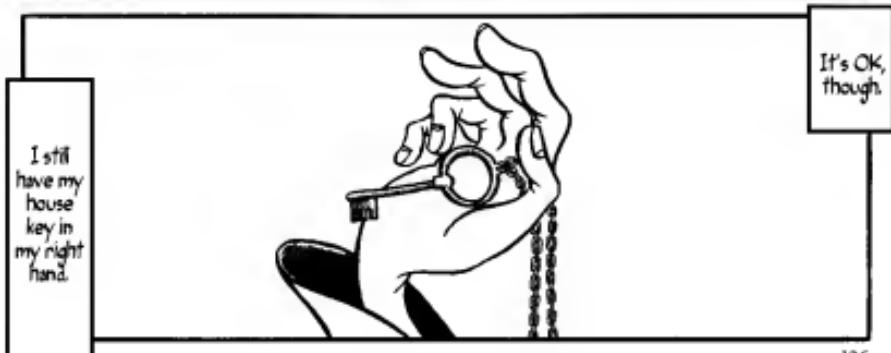


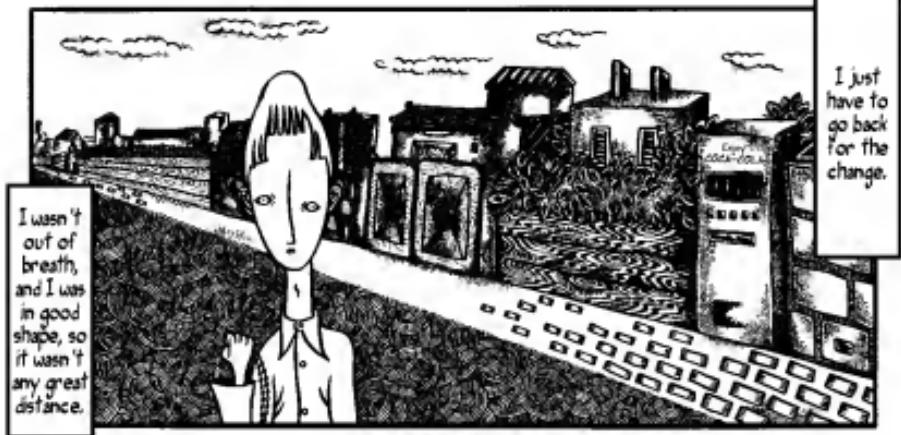
It was a very large key.

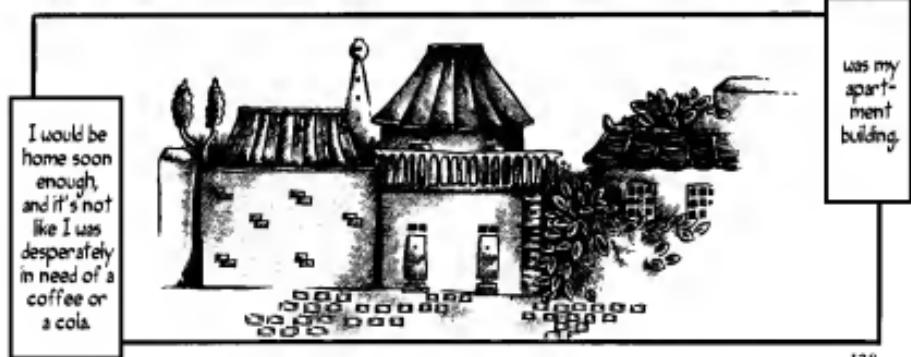
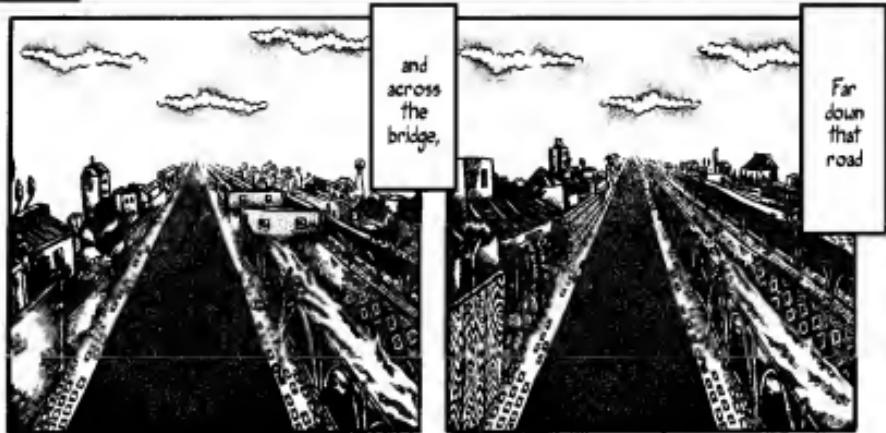
A very important key, attached to a keychain.









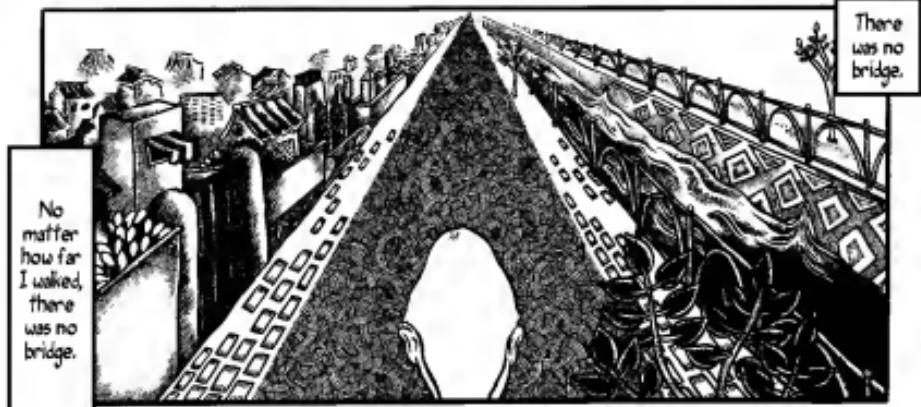




I kept walking.

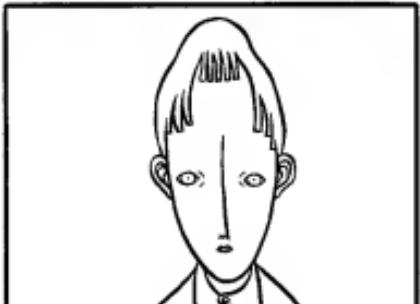


I walked home.



No matter how far I walked, there was no bridge.

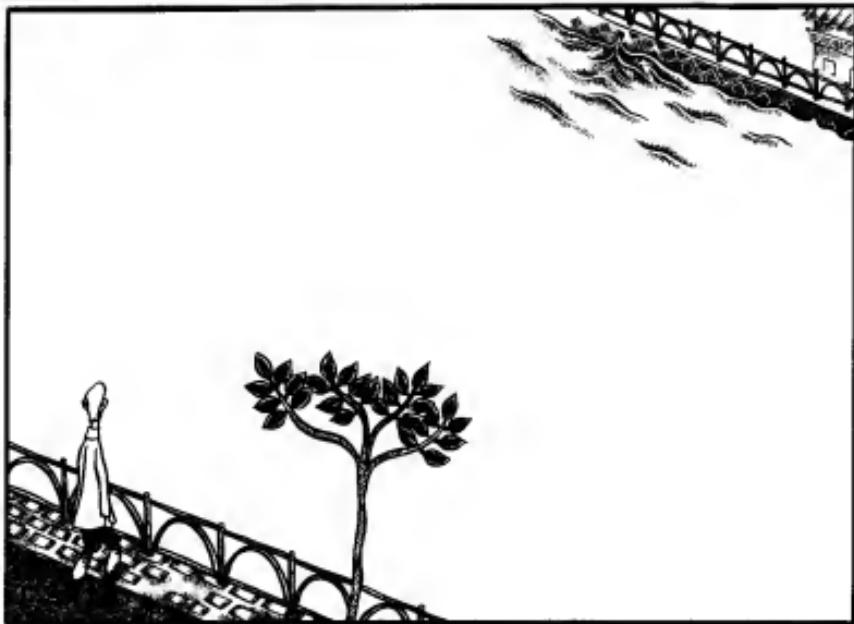
There was no bridge.

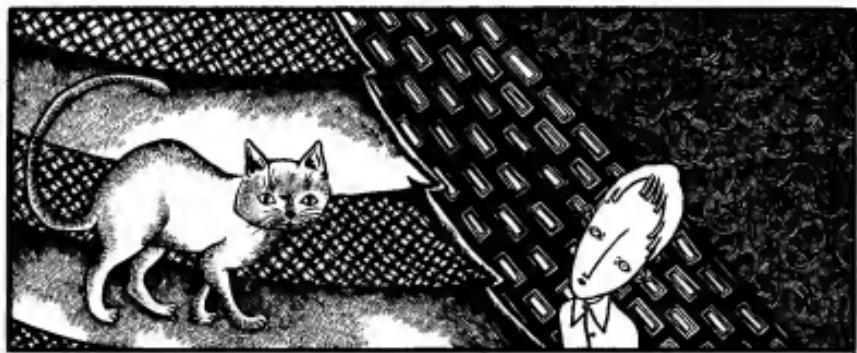
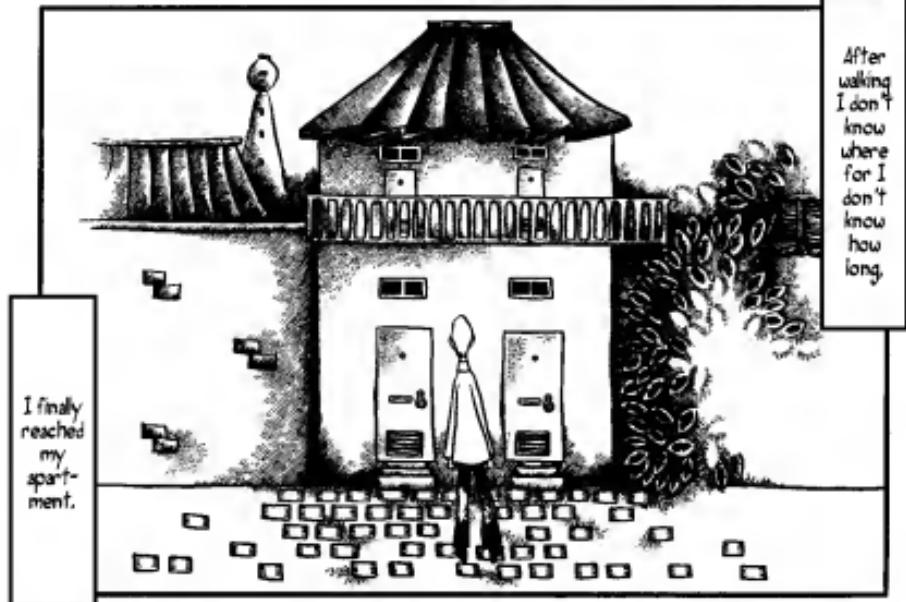


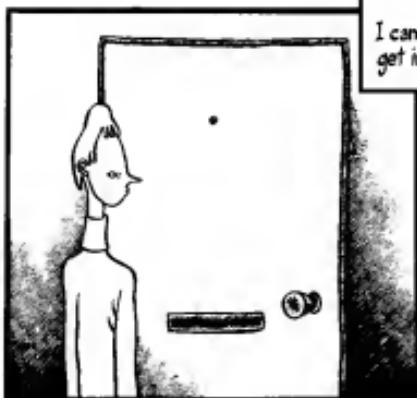


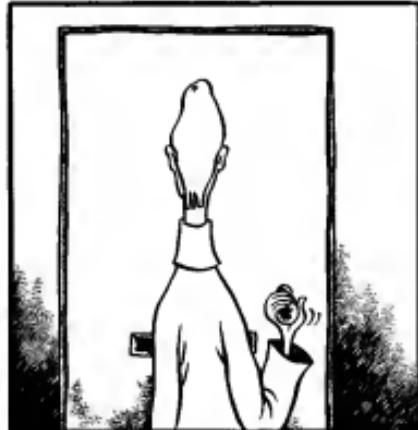
"Oh,
isn't
that my
apart-
ment?"

But
there
was no
bridge,
so that
couldn't
be my
apart-
ment.

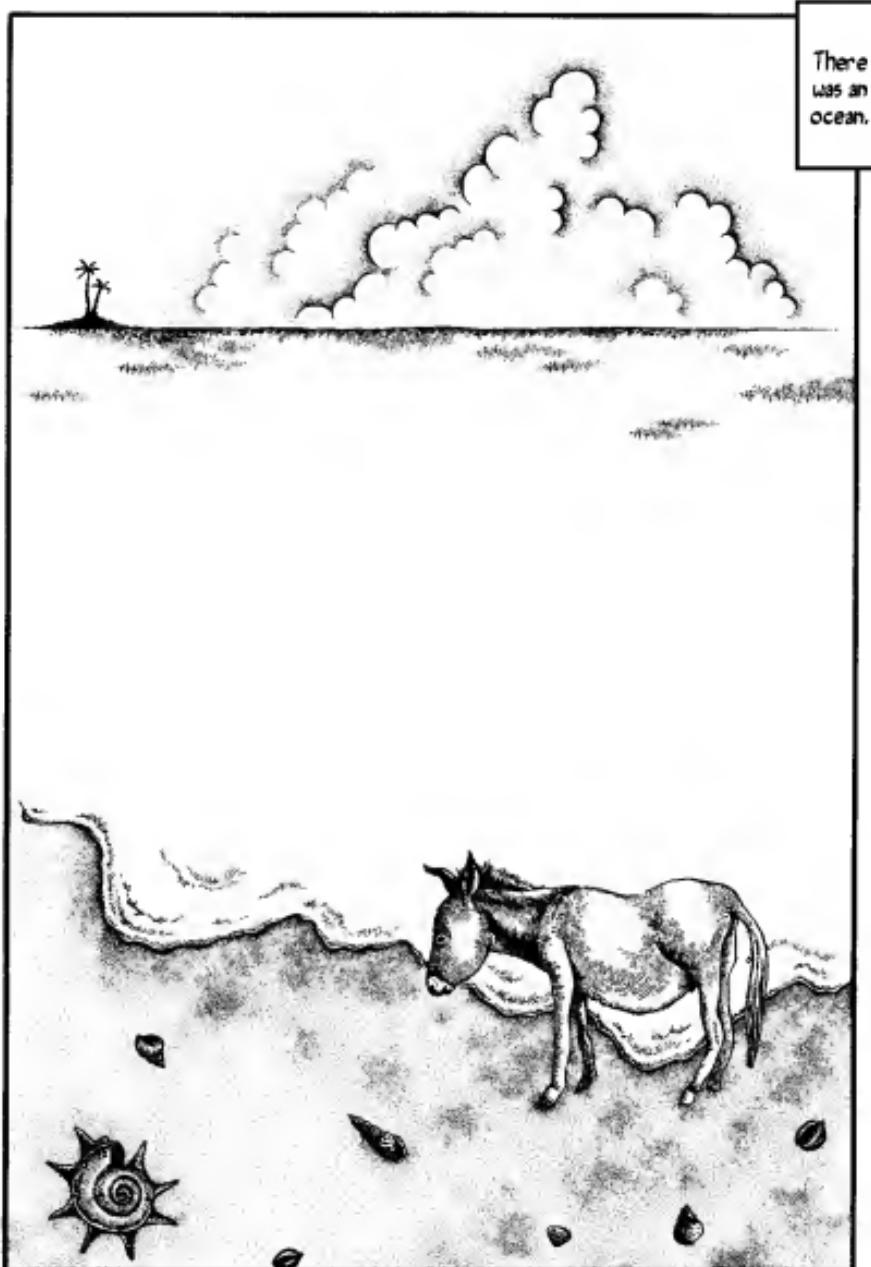


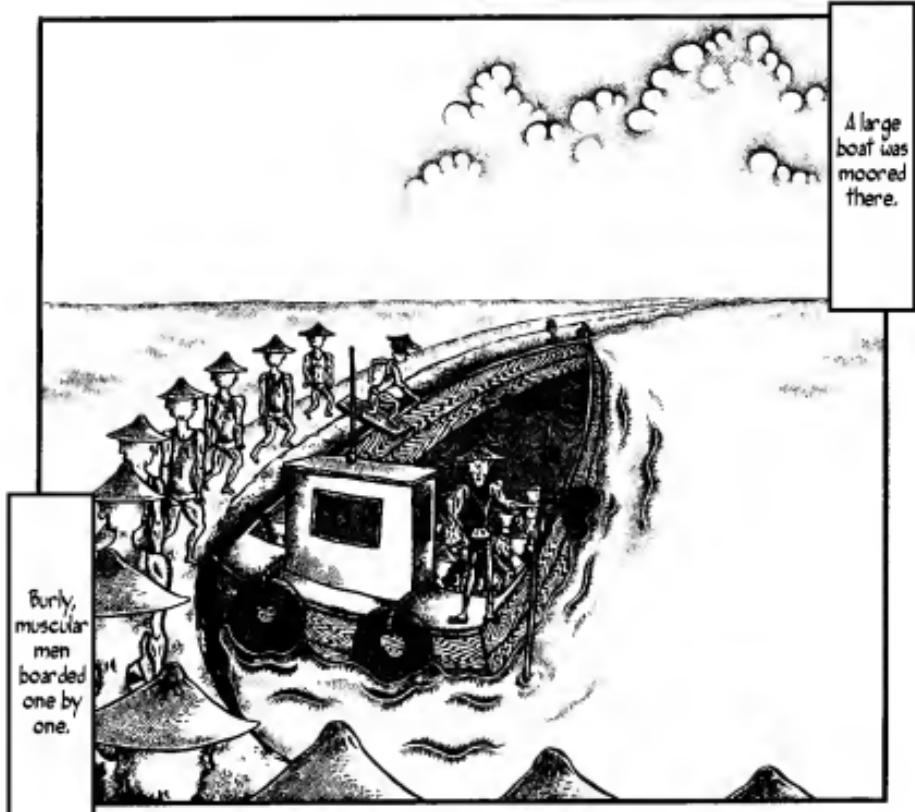


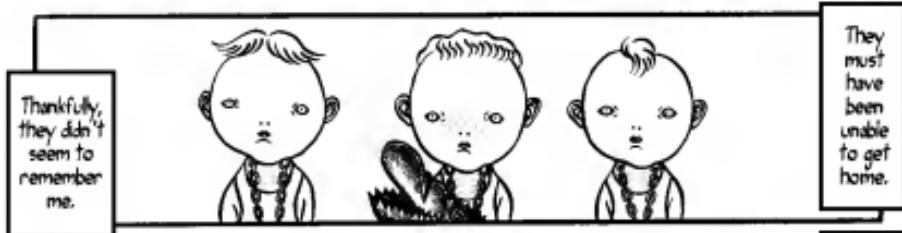
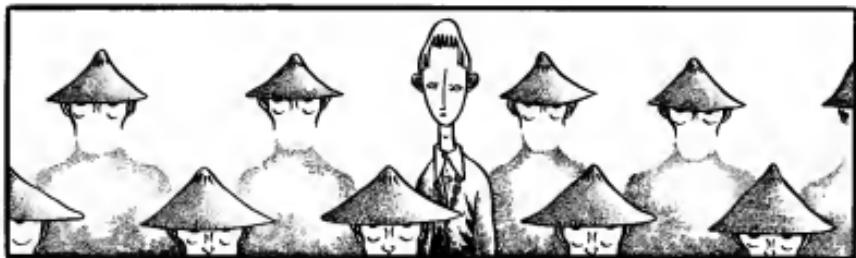


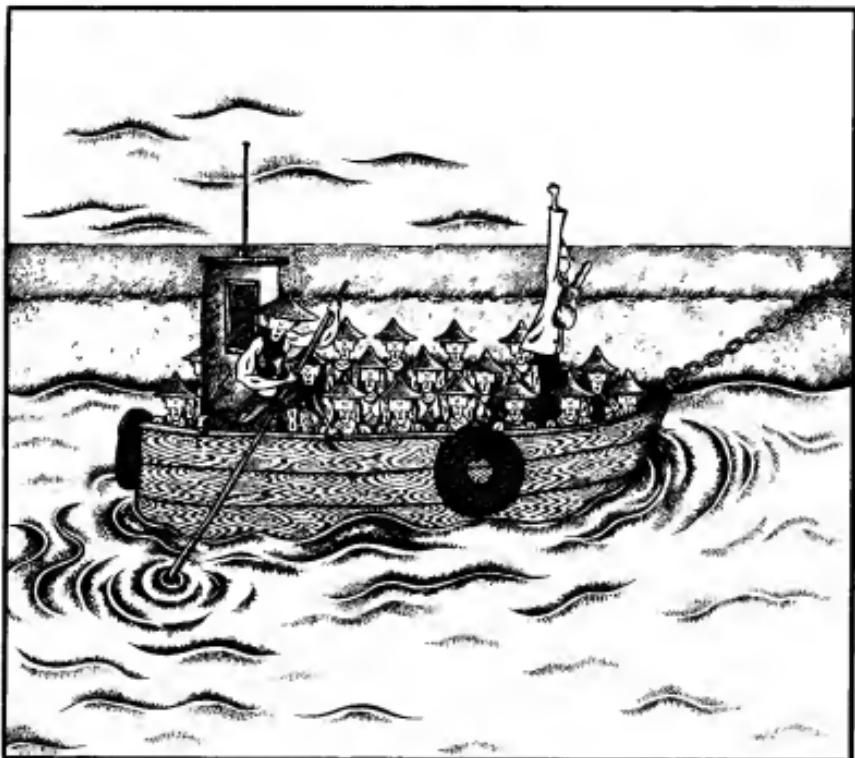


There
was an
ocean.









And so
I began
my
journey.

pulled
by a
donkey
on an
unknown
sea.

THE END

god

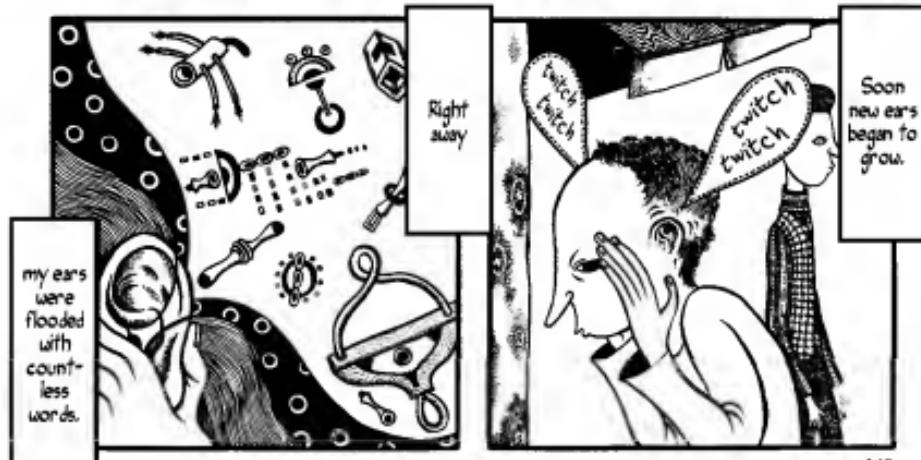
Nishioka Kyodai

First,
my
ears
fell off.

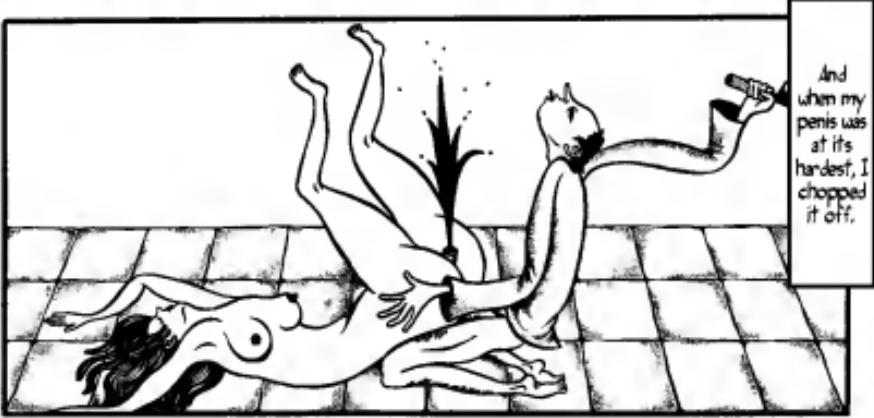




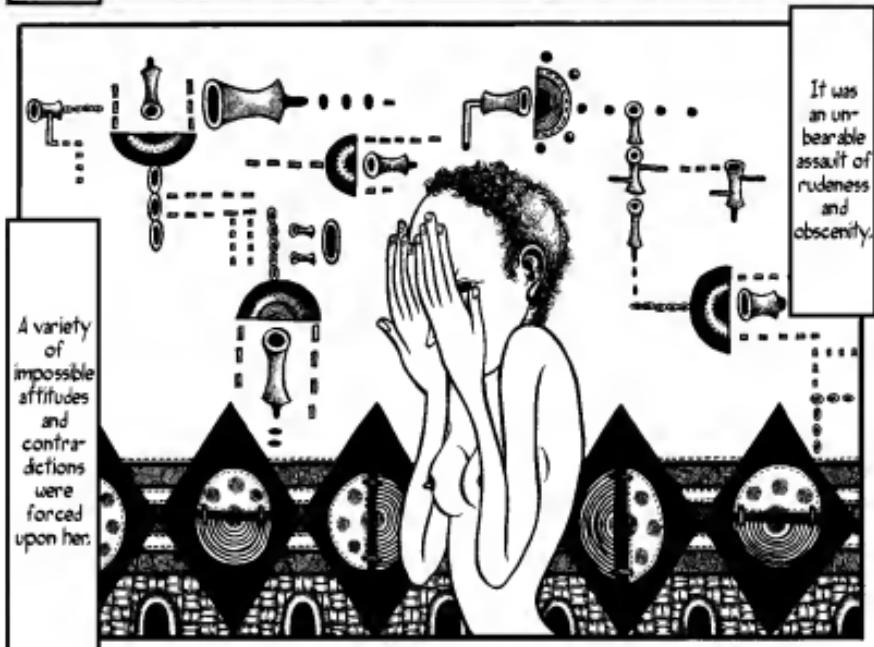
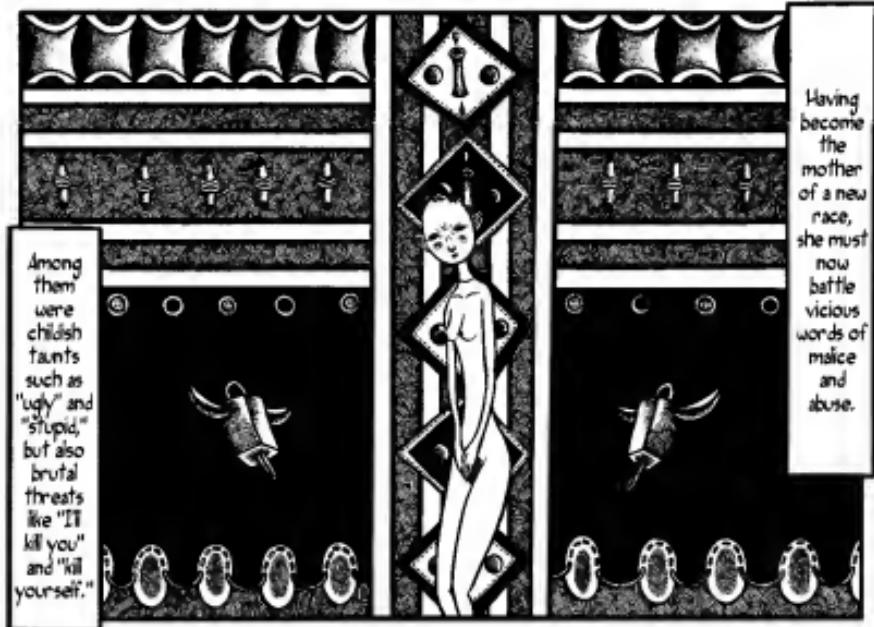
It was a sign.





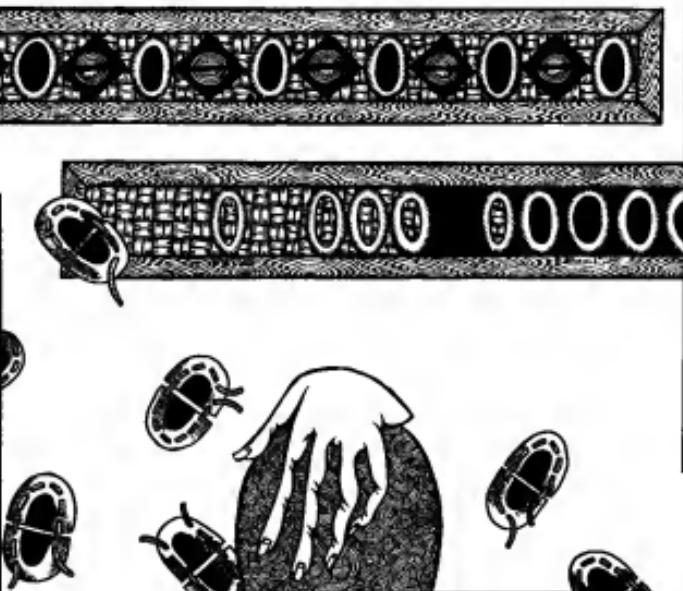






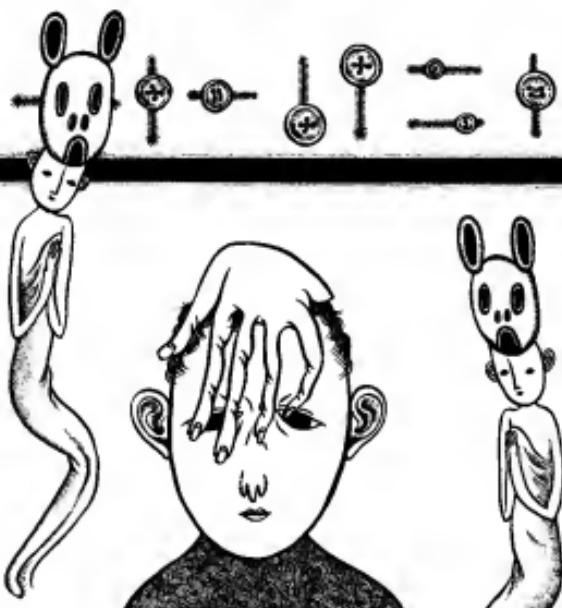
She withstood these insults for a hundred years believing them to be another test from God.

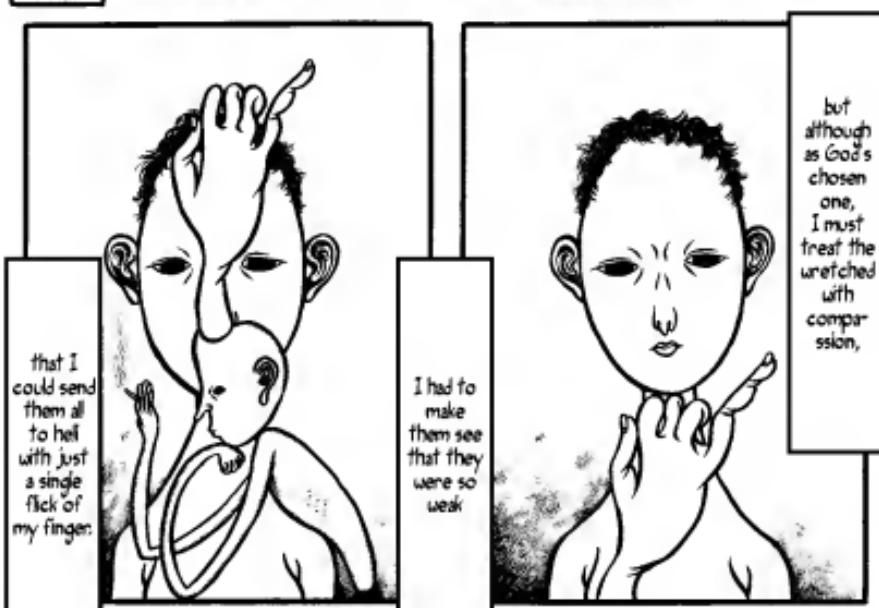
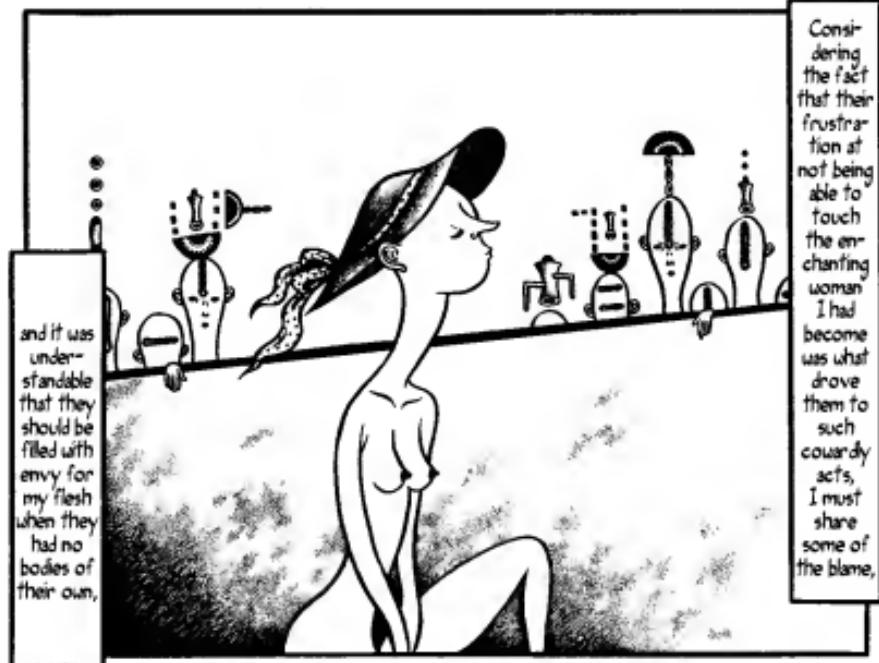
When at last a hundred years had passed, and she was trembling in fear and uncertainty, finally the words of God reached her.



God told her that the words she had been hearing were not God's words, but the anguish and hatred of the spirits of those who had died in the flood.

They were nothing more than the misdirected anger of the dead, and she need not pay them any heed.

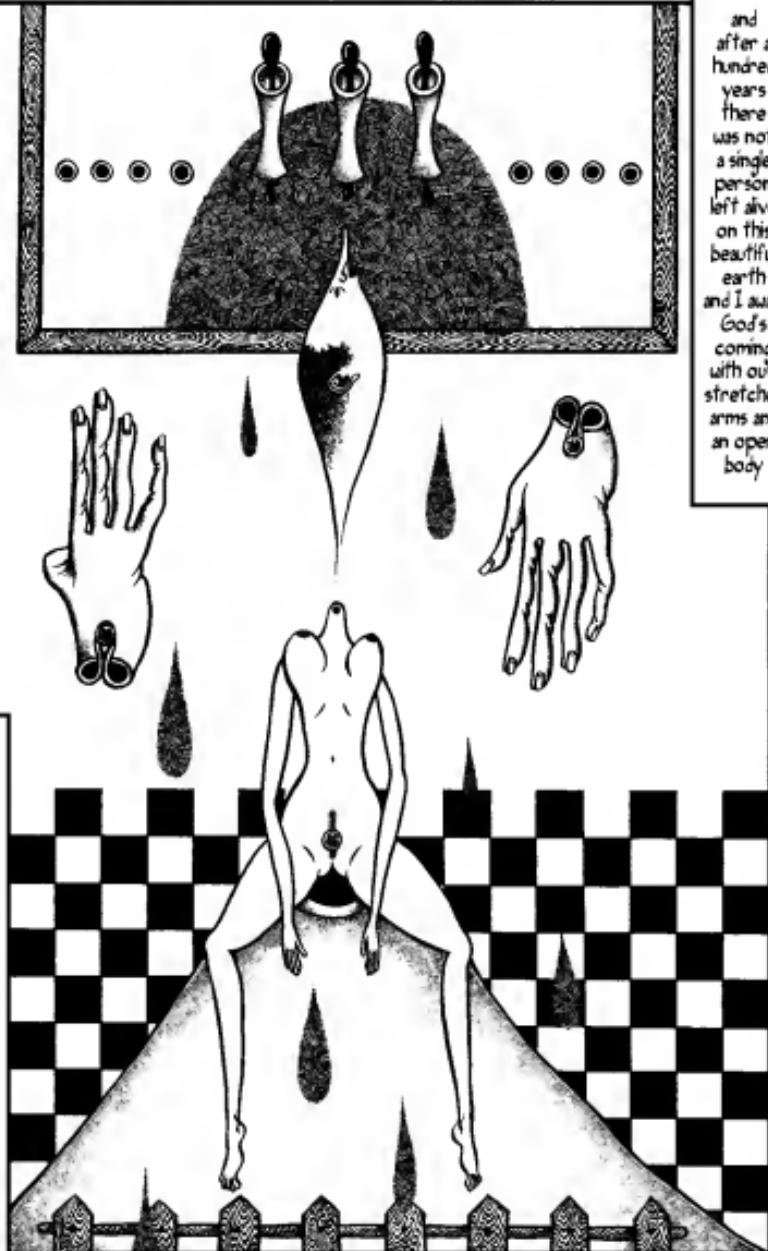


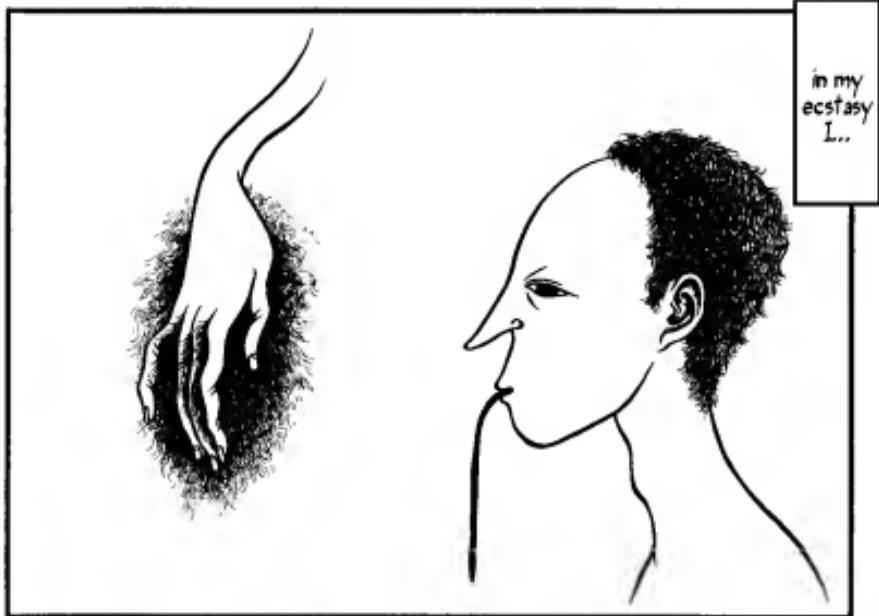




and
after a
hundred
years
there
was not
a single
person
left alive
on this
beautiful
earth
and I await
God's
coming with
out-
stretched
arms and
an open
body

and my
holy God
will be
drawn
to my
loveliness
and his
power will
rain down
on me,
rain down
on me,
and we will
be joined
to birth a
new race
and it will
feel so
good that
in my
ecstasy
I...







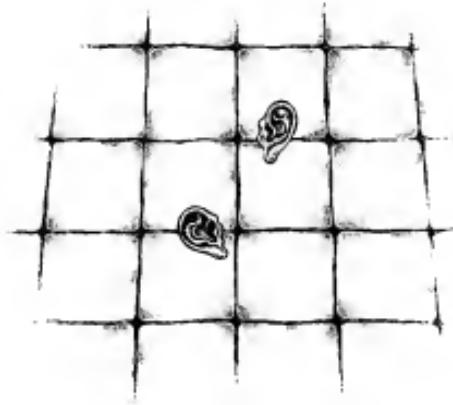
In the
distance
there
was
a single
pebble.



And he
would
stumble



and
fall.



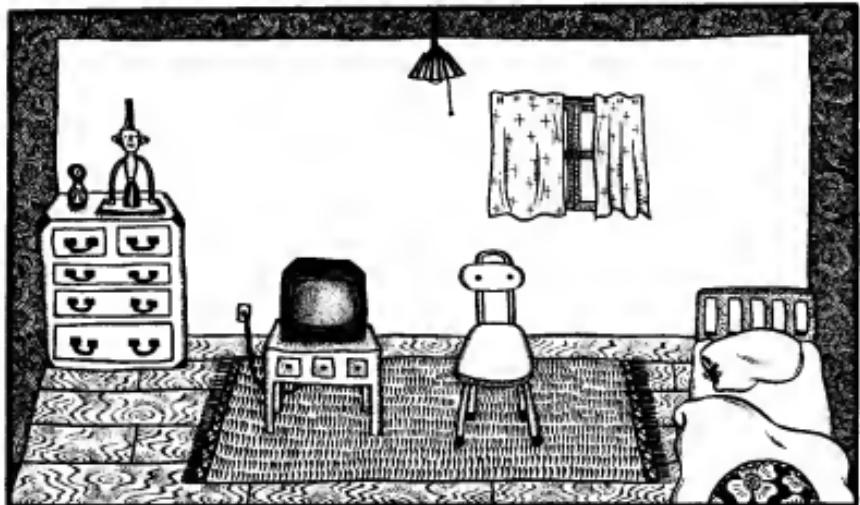
THE END

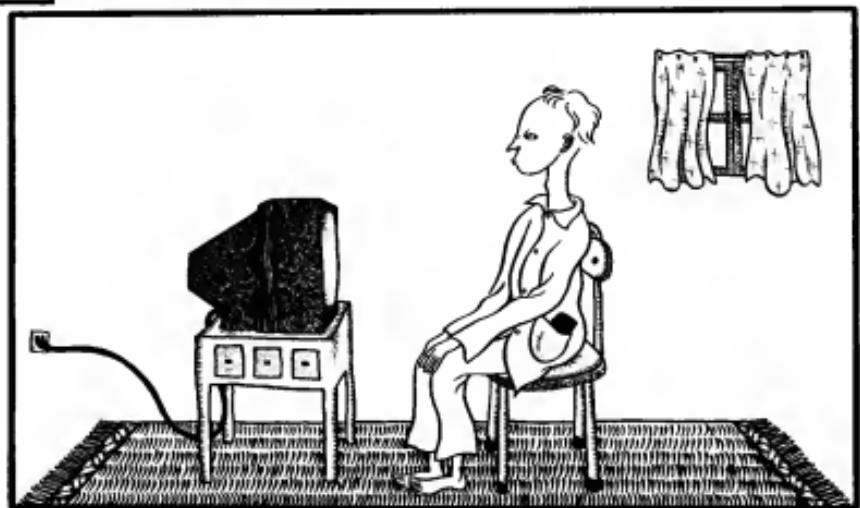
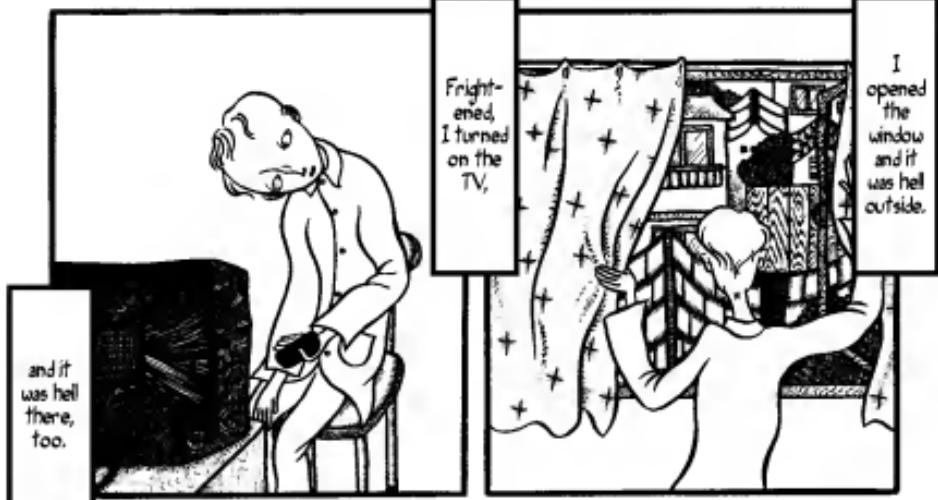
HELL

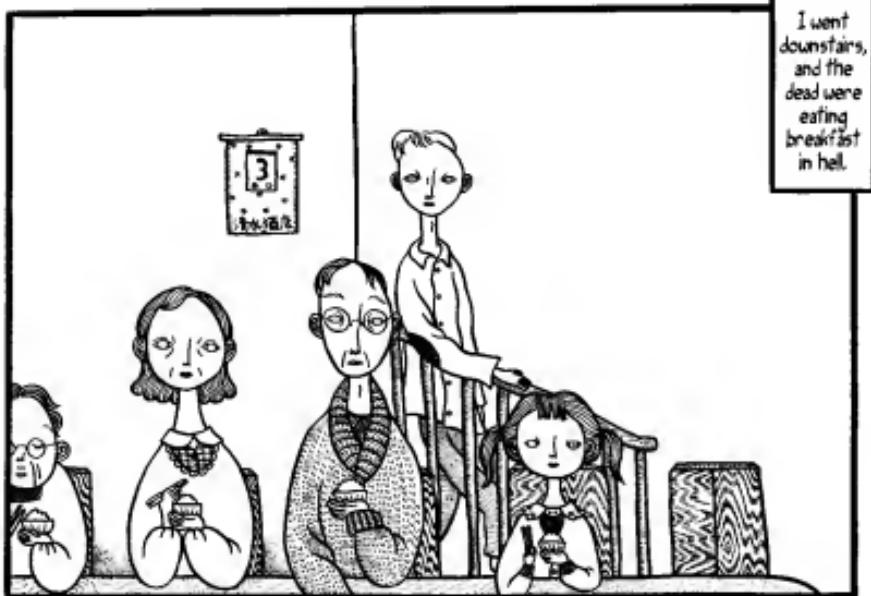


Nishioka
Kyodai

I fell
down
to hell.

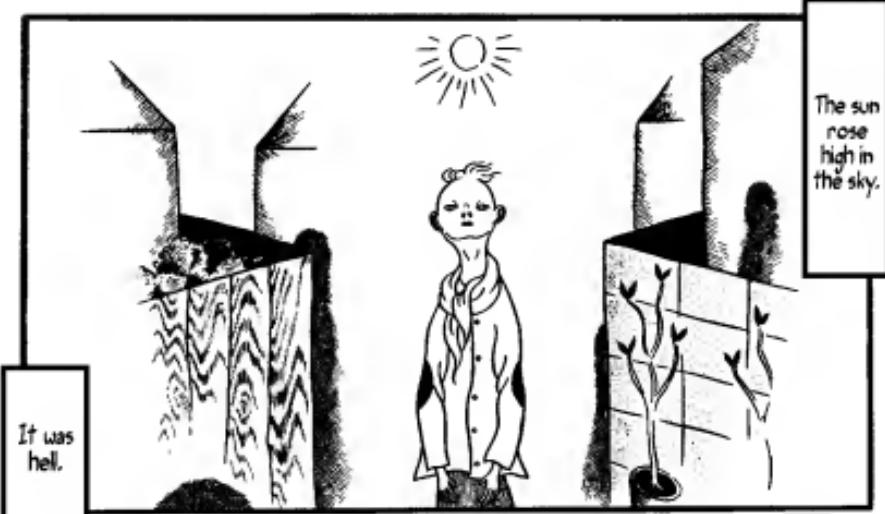


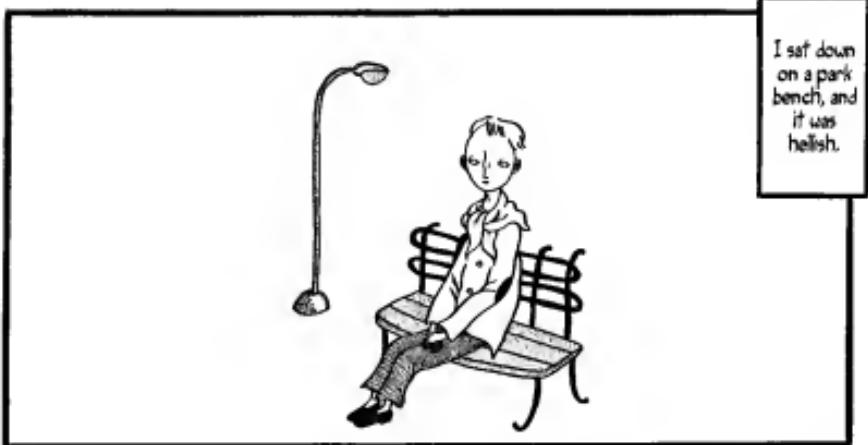




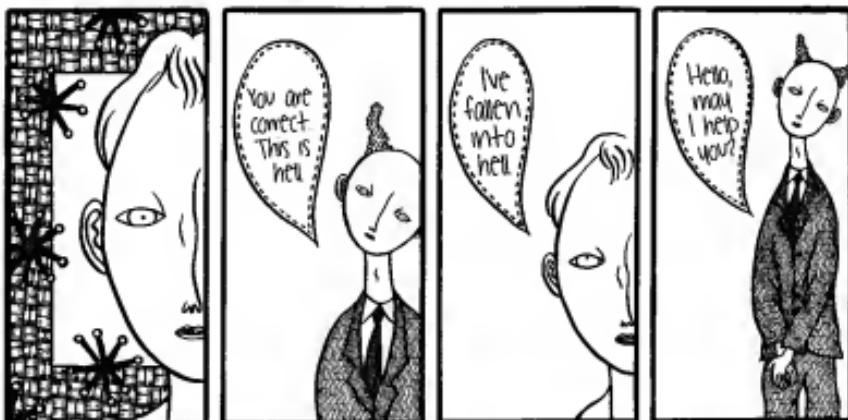


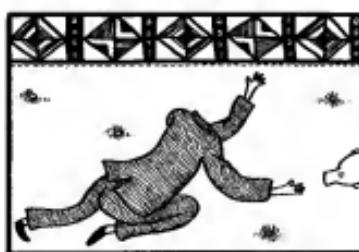




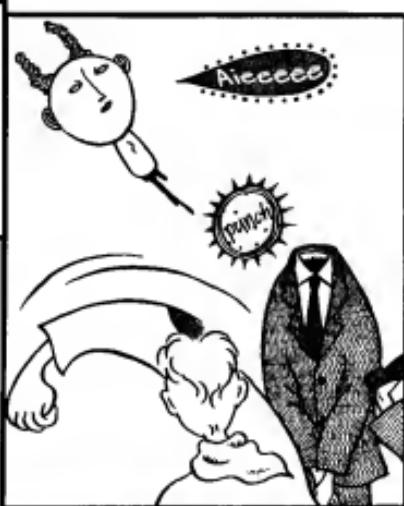


At some
point
I fell
asleep.

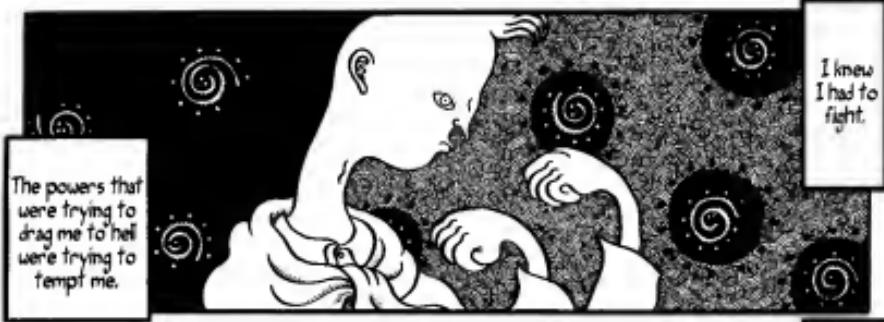




He panicked
and ran.

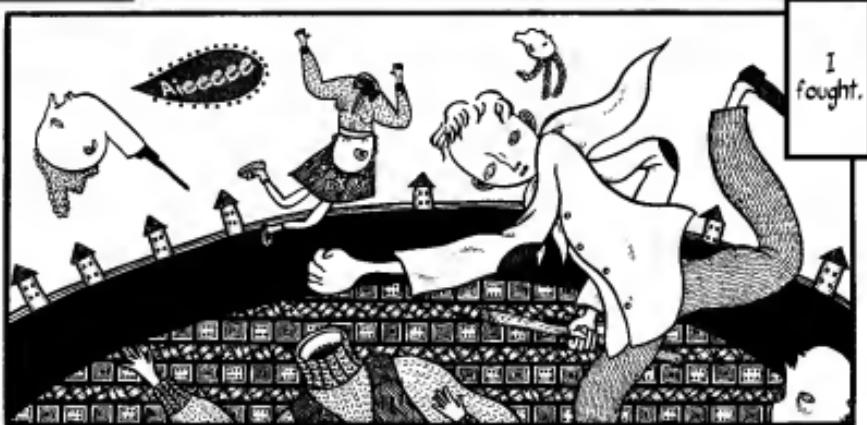


I knew
I had to
fight.



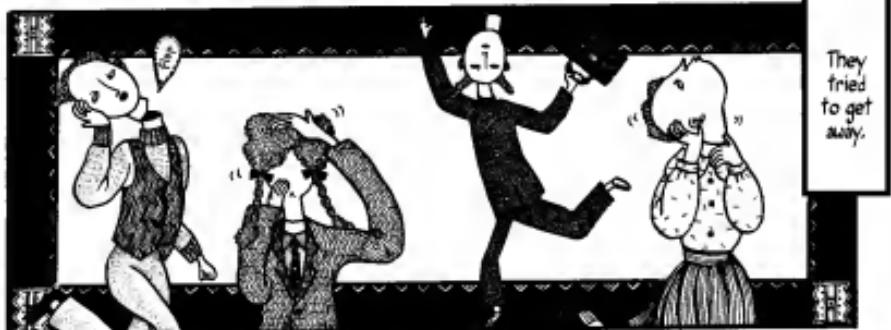
The powers that
were trying to
drag me to hell
were trying to
tempt me.

I
fought.

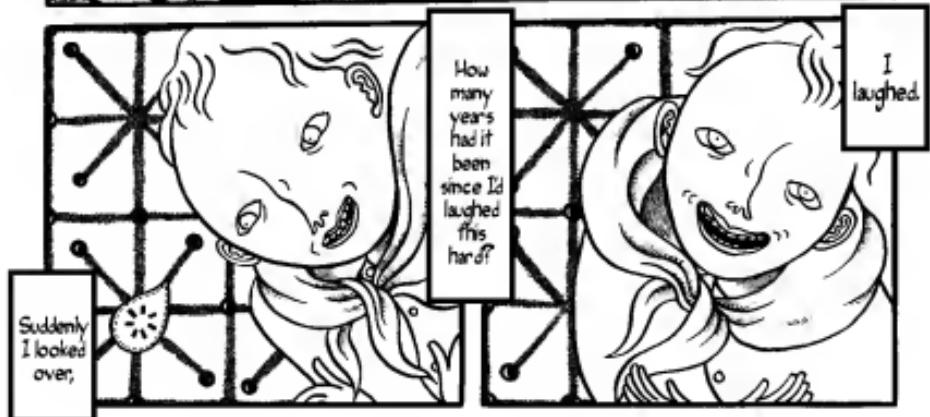




I fought
furiously
in hell.



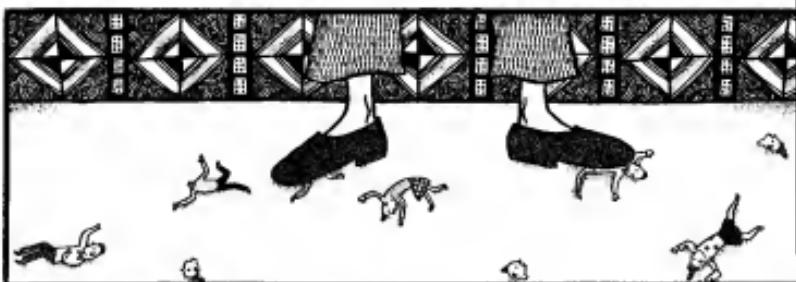
They
tried
to get
away.



Suddenly
I looked
over,

How
many
years
had it
been
since I'd
laughed
this
hard?

I
laughed.



and I
saw I was
smashing
them
beneath
my feet
like bugs.



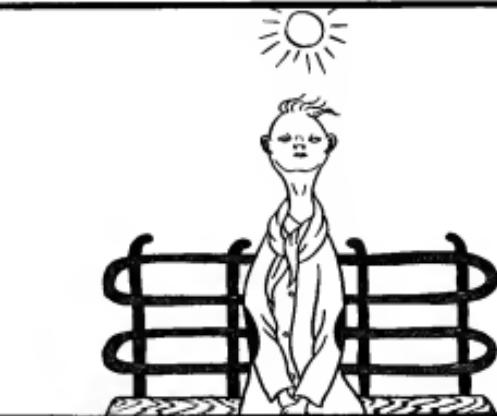
I had
be-
come a
giant in
hell.



Thinking it
must be
a dream,
I awoke.

The sun
was high
in the
sky.

This
was
hell.



I sat
on the
park
bench.





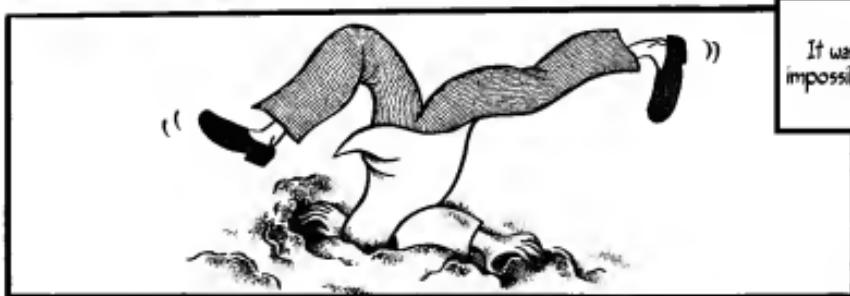
I
thought
it must
be the
exit to
hell.



There was
one place
where the
ground was
a different
color.



I dug
a hole.



It was
impossible.



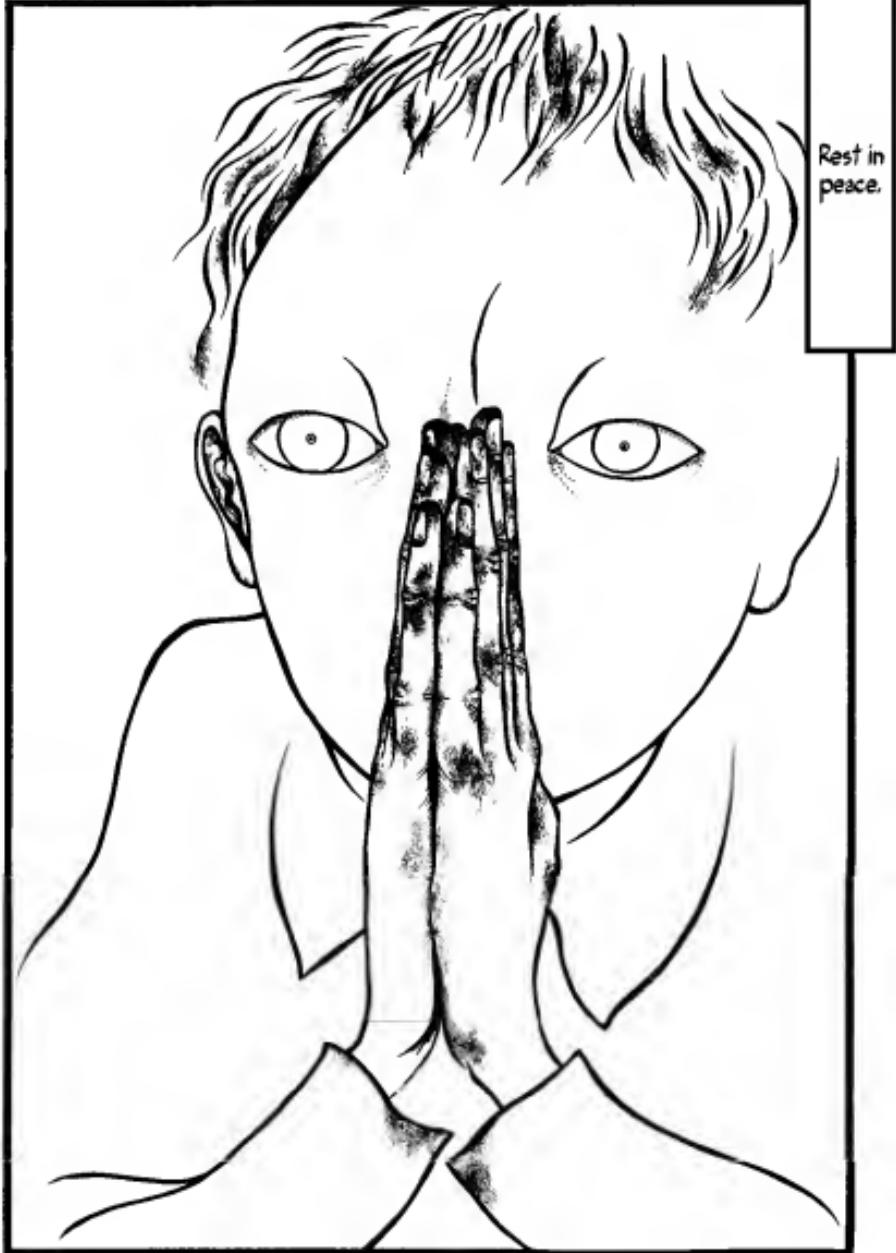
I filled
the hole.



I built
a small
grave
there.

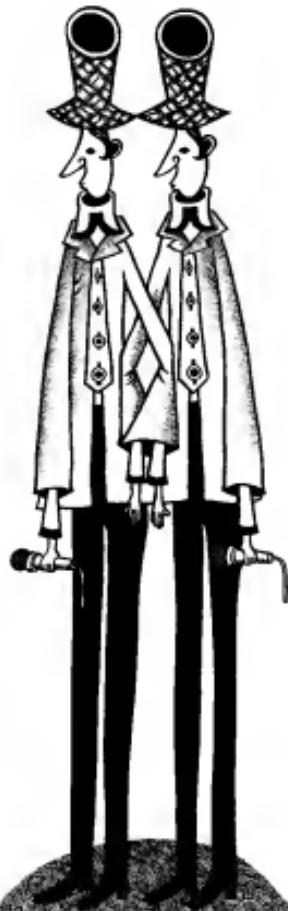


I
prayed.



Rest in
peace.

Apple-Selling Song



Nishioka Kyodai

The
apple
sellers
wander
around

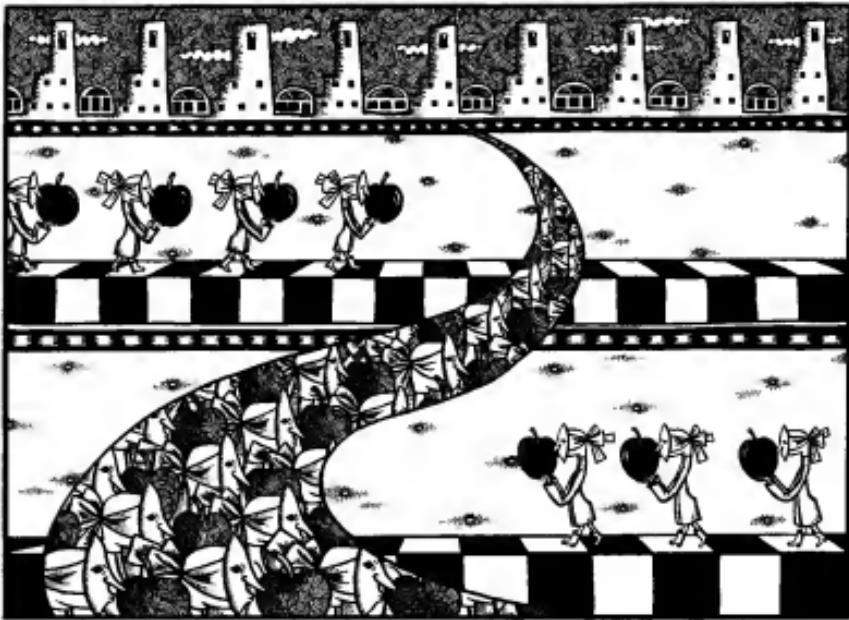
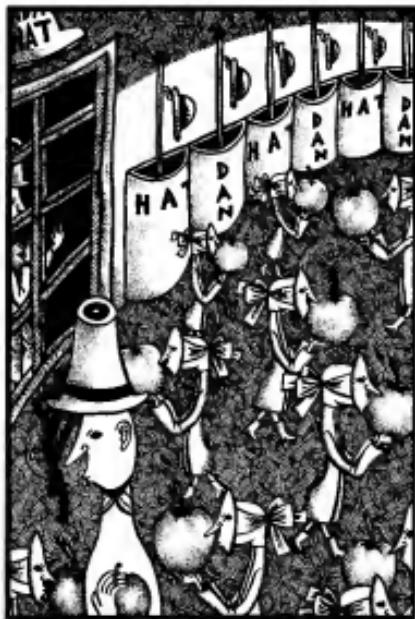


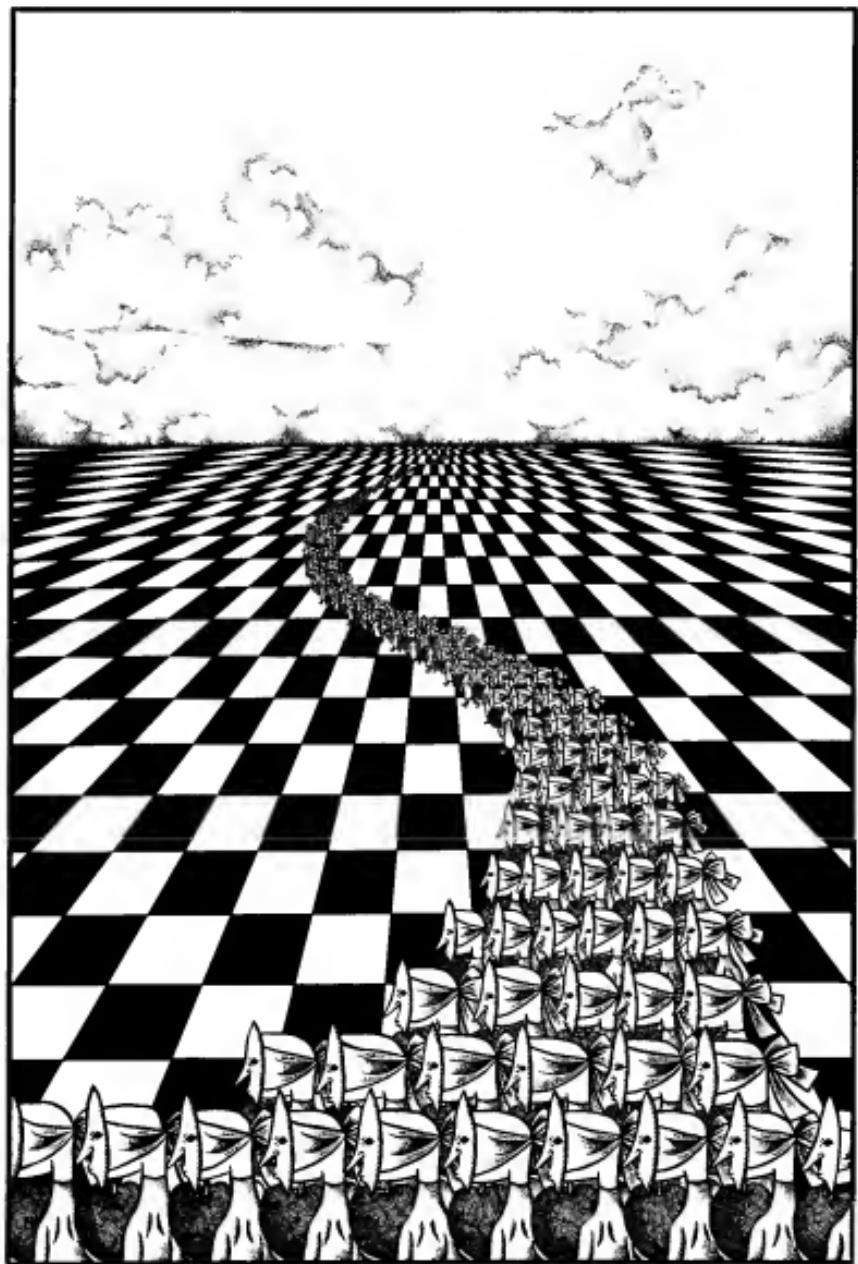
selling
the
apple
that
Newton
dropped
that
day.

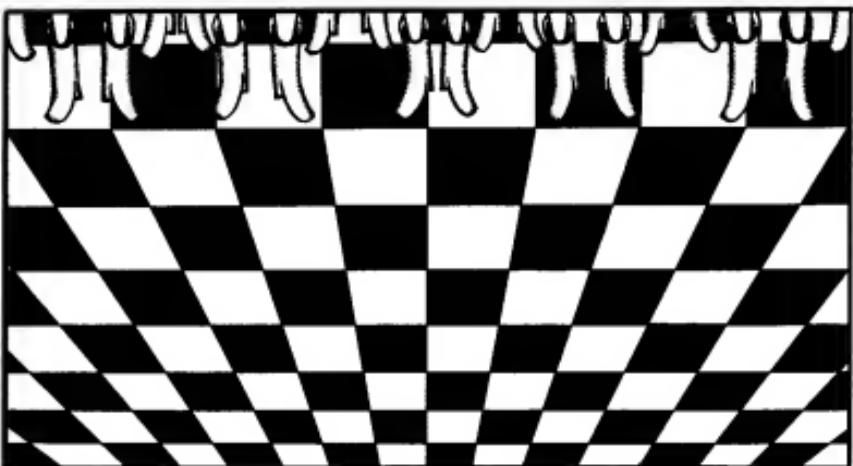
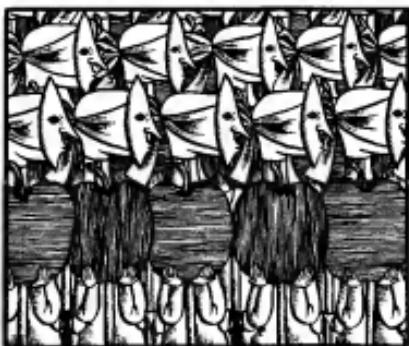
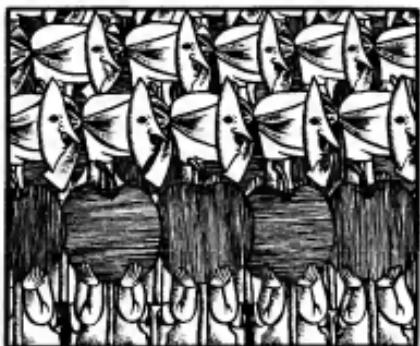
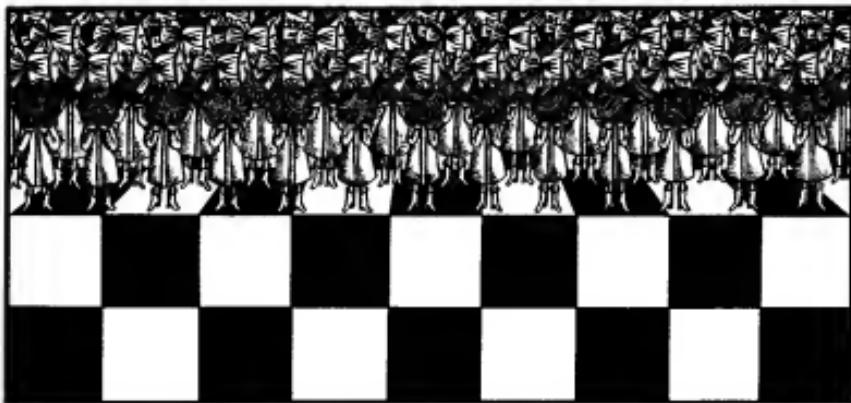


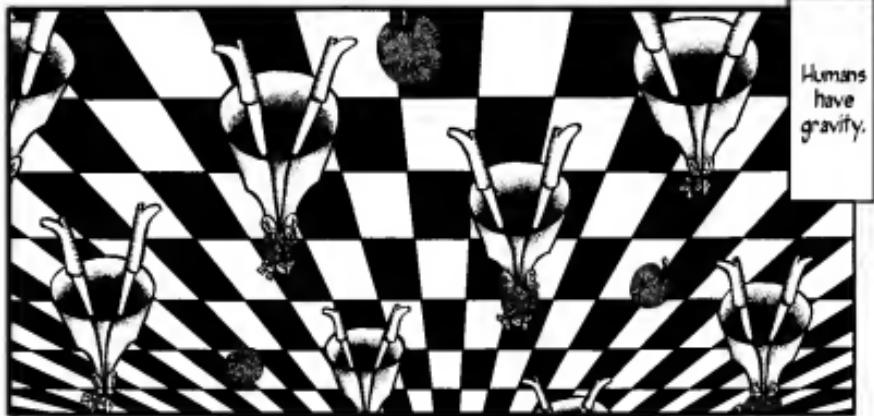
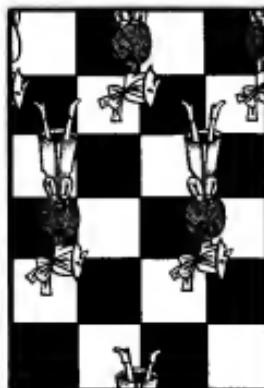
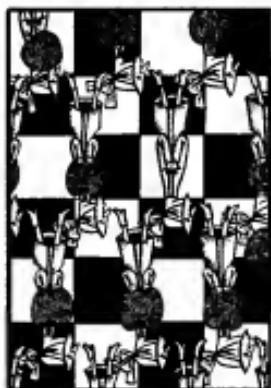
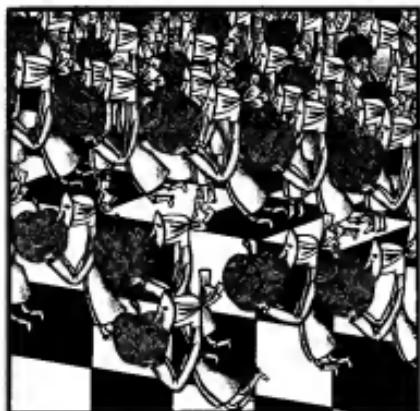
"Something terrible has already happened."





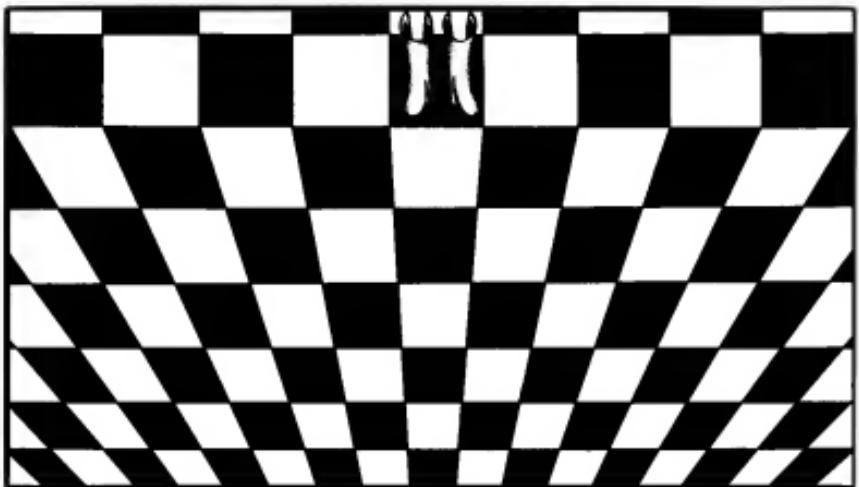


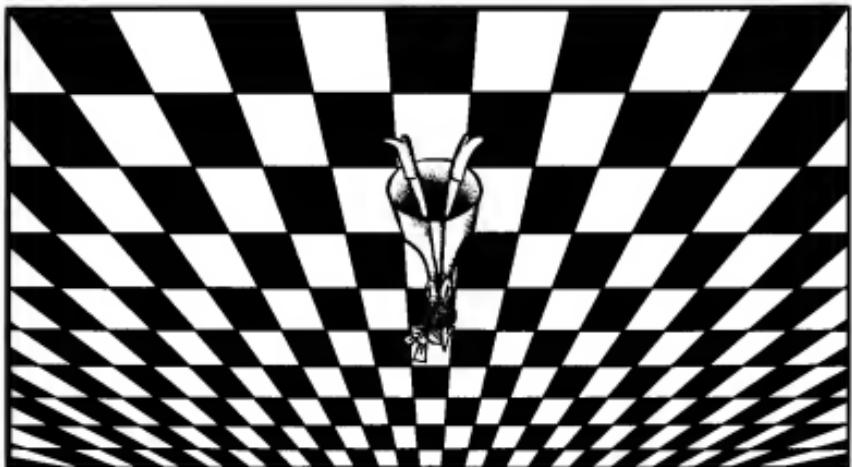
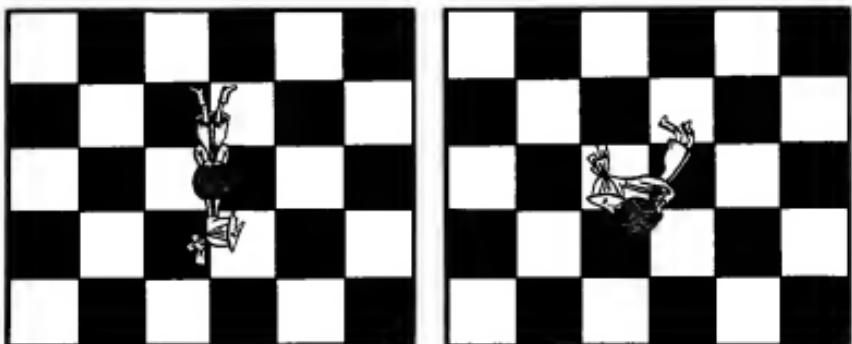


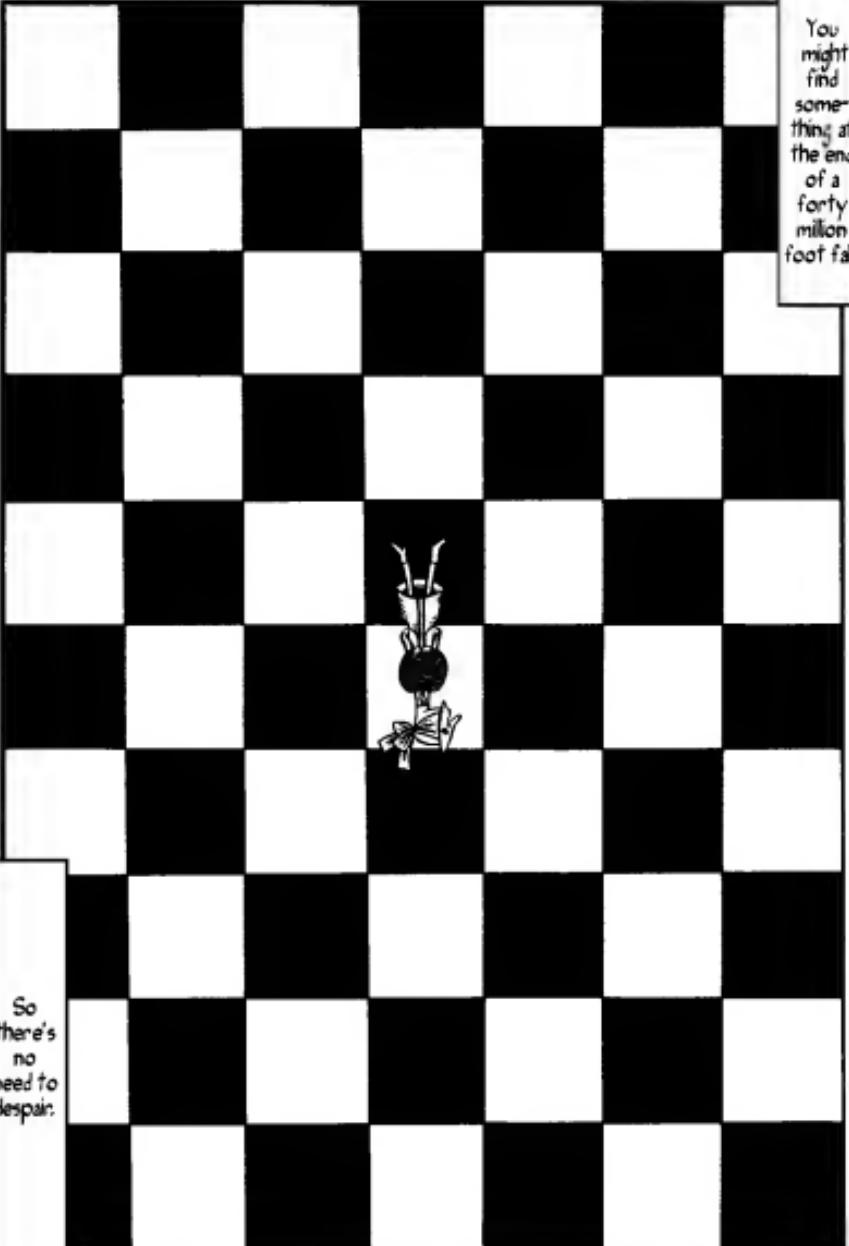




To end
a story
that is
already
over...







You
might
find
some-
thing at
the end
of a
forty
million
foot fall

So
there's
no
need to
despair.



Through the Eyes of Nishioka Kyodai

Oshita Sanae - author

WHENEVER WE SLEEP, WE DREAM. OUR DREAMS ARE ANOTHER ASPECT OF OURSELVES. YET IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO REMEMBER ALL OUR DREAMS. DREAMS ARE OUR BLOATED CORPSES THAT WE EXCRETE EACH NIGHT.

THE FIRST TIME I SAW THE NAME NISHIOKA KYODAI, I FELT SOMETHING CURIOUSLY RAW ABOUT IT. (THE KYODAI MEANS SIBLINGS AND IS USUALLY WRITTEN WITH THE CHARACTERS FOR ELDER BROTHER AND YOUNGER BROTHER. HOWEVER, IN THE CASE OF NISHIOKA KYODAI, THEY WRITE IT WITH THE CHARACTERS FOR ELDER BROTHER AND YOUNGER SISTER.) SIBLINGS ARE AN ODDITY, BORN FROM THE SAME WOMB. IN A WAY THEY ARE A REMINDER OF THE WORLD BEFORE BIRTH EVEN MORE SO THAN OUR PARENTS. AND IN THIS CASE, NOT JUST BROTHERS, NOT JUST SISTERS, BUT BROTHER AND SISTER, BROTHER AND SISTER CREATING ART TOGETHER.

IN THE CASE OF NISHIOKA KYODAI, THE BROTHER WRITES THE SCRIPT, AND THE SISTER DRAWS THE IMAGES. IN AN INTERVIEW, THE SISTER SAID, "IT'S LIKE MY BROTHER CREATES THE SKELETON, AND I ADD THE FLESH." (AK VOL. 15) IT IS INDEED A BODY THEY CREATE, NOT A BODY OF FLESH AND BLOOD, BUT THAT OTHER BODY, THE DREAM BODY.



IT'S NOT THAT THEY WRITE DOWN HALF-REMEMBERED DREAMS. IN DOING THAT, ONE CAN ONLY OBSERVE FROM THE OUTSIDE AND CANNOT ESCAPE THE RESTRAINTS OF CONSCIOUSNESS. YOU COULD ALMOST SAY THAT THEIR METHOD IS TO ENTER A DREAM AND BRING THOSE DREAM EVENTS INTO REALITY.

THEY DON'T STOP TO THINK ABOUT WHAT THEY SEE OR WHAT IS HAPPENING THERE. IF THERE IS AN APPLE, THEY DRAW AN APPLE. AND IF THEY ARE FLYING, THEY DON'T THINK ABOUT THE FACT THAT FLYING IS IMPOSSIBLE, BUT JUST FLY. THEY ARE NOT USING ESTABLISHED CONVENTIONS TO EXPRESS FEELINGS AND THOUGHTS (SUCH AS SPROUTING WINGS TO EXPRESS A DESIRE FOR FREEDOM, OR THE BACKGROUND GROWING DARK TO SHOW LONELINESS), BUT RATHER SIMPLY DRAWING THE UNKNOWN. THE RESULT IS UNEXPECTED, AND BOTH SHOCKING YET SOMEHOW EASY TO ACCEPT.

IN "HELL," THE PROTAGONIST SEES ANOTHER VERSION OF HIMSELF. THERE IS ANOTHER HIM SITTING IN HIS HOUSE, AND HE RUNS AWAY FROM IT. IN "OUR GANG," BOTH THE PROTAGONIST, "I," AND THE GANG, "WE," EXIST. THESE THINGS ARE IMPOSSIBLE, BUT WE HAVE PROBABLY ALL HAD SIMILAR DREAMS.

THAT IS THE REALITY OF DREAMS. THAT MUST BE NISHIOKA KYODAI'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS LITERARY CREATION - TO SIMPLY CLOSE THEIR EYES TO THE ESTABLISHED METHODS OF ANALYSIS AND DRAW THEIR DREAMS.

IN MOST JAPANESE MANGA, THE EYES ARE DRAWN TO BE EXTRAORDINARILY EXPRESSIVE, BUT IN NISHIOKA KYODAI'S WORKS, THE EYES ARE ALMOST ENTIRELY EXPRESSIONLESS. NOTHING MORE THAN HOLES (NOT ONLY DO THEY NOT HAVE PUPILS AND IRISES, BUT SOMETIMES THERE IS NOT EVEN A DIVISION BETWEEN THE WHITES AND BLACKS OF THE EYES). PERHAPS THAT IS BECAUSE THEY ARE NOT JUST EYES, BUT FUNCTION AS HOLES THAT LINK REALITY TO DREAMS.

THERE ARE SOME THINGS WE CANNOT TAKE WITH US INTO OUR DREAMS, SUCH AS OUR BODIES AND OTHER PEOPLE. LIKE DREAMS, THE ACT OF EXPRESSION AND THE ACT OF READING CANNOT INVOLVE OUR BODIES. BUT SOMETIMES IT DOES. A FEELING OF PAIN, COMFORT, AN ITCH.



FOR EXAMPLE, IN "I RAN LIKE A TIGER," THE FEELING OF CLUTCHING THE CUSHION-LIKE THING THAT HAD FALLEN ON THE GROUND, OR STEPPING ON THE HEDGE, OR THE PAIN OF DIGGING A HOLE WITH ONE'S FINGERS AT THE END OF "HELL." I'VE NEVER DONE THOSE THINGS IN REAL LIFE, BUT I COULD FEEL THOSE SENSATIONS.

THEN THERE'S THE STORY WHERE THE PROTAGONIST DISEMBOWELS HIMSELF. HE'S PULLING OUT HIS OWN GUTS, BUT THE FACT THAT HE DOESN'T SEEM AT ALL CONCERNED BY IT MAKES IT FUNNY. IT'S DISGUSTING YET ALSO SOMEHOW HUMOROUS AND NOSTALGIC. IT REMINDS ME OF PLAYING WITH CLAY AS A CHILD, AND THE FEELING OF CLAY BETWEEN MY FINGERS. PERHAPS IT IS BECAUSE THESE STORIES ARE A COLLABORATION BETWEEN SIBLINGS — PEOPLE WITH A CLOSE BOND, YET STILL OTHER — THAT THEY DO NOT LOSE THEIR DREAMLIKE QUALITY WHILE STILL Oozing WITH PHYSICALITY.

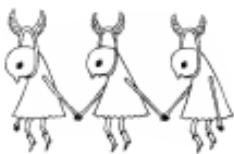
THE DESIGNS AND PATTERNS, DRAWN WITH MORE DETAIL THAN THE SCRIPT AND COMPOSITION DEMAND, LIKE PATTERNS ON TEXTILES AND CERAMICS, ARE PERHAPS NOT MEANT TO REPLICATE REALITY, BUT FUNCTION MORE LIKE A SPELL TO DRAW THE READER INTO THE MATERIAL. THE SYMMETRY AND REPETITION OF PATTERNS MAKE FOR BOTH AN ABSTRACT SPACE AND ALSO SOMETHING THAT FEELS CURIOUSLY RAW. YOU MIGHT SAY IT'S A UNIQUE EXPRESSION THAT CANNOT BE ACHIEVED THROUGH WRITTEN WORD ALONE.

WHEN READING THE WORKS OF NISHIOKA KYODAI, "UNDERSTANDING" MAY NOT BE APPLICABLE. THE READER MUST SIMPLY ENTER THE DREAM AND EXPERIENCE IT, THUS EACH READER WILL HAVE AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT WAY OF SAVORING THEM. PERHAPS THEY WILL BE SUCKED INTO ONE OF THE MANY HOLES IN THE STORY AND BRIEFLY EXPERIENCE ANOTHER "SELF" WHO NEVER EXISTED IN THIS WORLD.

そうではないところへ
天使
ぼくは虎のよう に走つた
おでかけの日
顔のない女について
船
私たちの跡れ
夜
神 護
地
林 森 売 り の 嘴

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